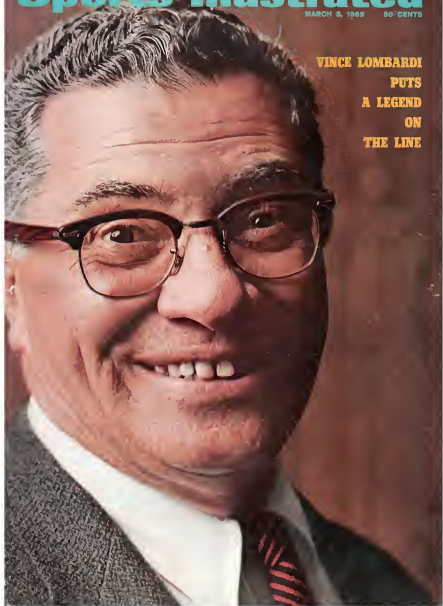


Sports Illustrated

MARCH 3, 1969

50 CENTS

**VINCE LOMBARDI
PUTS
A LEGEND
ON
THE LINE**





It makes you want to deport your import. Nova.

Nova Coupe

Some people think that for a car to be economical, it also has to be tiny, sluggish, plain-looking and foreign.

Not true. For one thing, this Chevy Nova's not tiny. The sedan seats six, the coupe five. And you get a trunk instead of a second glove compartment.

Nor is it sluggish. The standard six is 140 horses strong.

See Olympic Gold Medalist Jean-Claude Killy, weekly, CBS-TV. Check your local TV listings.

Plain-looking? Pshaw.

And Nova certainly isn't foreign. It's as American as Body by Fisher. Quiet. Smooth. Words not usually associated with an economy-minded car.

Yet Nova is as economy-minded as they come. It doesn't take much money to get into it and very little to run it.

Dependable? It's a Chevrolet.

isn't it?

And if you're not too thrilled about clutching, don't. For under \$70, you can order our Torque-Drive transmission. You shift once. You clutch never.

Chevy Nova. It's our way of encouraging foreign trades.



Putting you first, keeps us first.

The First All-Label, No-Obligation Discount Record Service to Offer All These Advantages

BIG DISCOUNTS!

Generally at least 33 1/3%... in some cases up to 75%!

FREE CHARGE ACCOUNT!

Charge on your purchases... no exclusive Records Unlimited feature!

UNLIMITED SELECTION!

Any record on any label available in the U.S.!

NO MINIMUM PURCHASE REQUIRED!

Order only the records you want... when you want them!

Plus a unique extra bonus...

SELECT ANY RECORD OF YOUR CHOICE—FREE

if you join now and pay the modest lifetime enrollment fee

Now... a record-buying service that has all the advantages you've been looking for—Records Unlimited! It gives you big discounts on all records, all labels—with no minimum purchase required. And you buy on credit with at-home shopping convenience! What's more, you get your first record free for joining right now!

No other service, club or method of buying records offers all this without obligation of any kind!

No obligations — No limitations

If you buy records regularly—5, 7 or 12 a year—you probably like to make your selections from a variety of labels. And you don't want the commitment to buy a specified number of records. What you do want are the most generous discounts that can be offered on every one of the records you buy!

You get all these advantages only with Records Unlimited!

Discounts up to 75%

Though you have no obligation to buy any records, every record you do buy will have a big discount... generally 33 1/3% off the manufacturers' suggested list price (see the chart).

You can choose any 12" long-playing

record of any label available in the United States. In some cases we are able to offer discounts up to 75%! And remember, Records Unlimited is the only all-label service that lets you charge your records!

Free Buying Guides

You will learn about these special savings regularly through your free copies of the Records Unlimited buying guide, which will carry listings of new releases and best-selling hit records in all fields of music... classical, folk, pop, teen, Broadway, etc. You can take advantage of the super discounts, or order any record you want at our

regular low discount prices (plus a small mailing and handling charge). All records, of course, are brand-new and guaranteed to be in perfect playing condition.

First Record Free

Your first record is free, if you join now and pay the modest \$2.50 lifetime enrollment fee. And you can select your free record now from the best-selling records shown on this page, or you can pick any other record currently available in the United States.

Mail Coupon Today

Just fill out and mail the coupon, along with your check or money order for \$2.50 to cover your lifetime enrollment. We'll send the free record of your choice promptly. You'll also receive a copy of the current Records Unlimited buying guide, listing hundreds of records available to members at special discount prices.

Note: Since stereo records may now be played on monaural (regular high-fidelity) phonographs, and cost no more than monaural records, all of your records will be sent in stereo.

88 records unlimited
Harmony, Indiana

BIG DISCOUNTS ON ALL LABELS

See for Yourself!

Manufacturers' Suggested List Prices	RECORDS UNLIMITED
\$1.75 through \$1.50	\$1.15
2.49 through 2.75	1.66
3.49 through 3.75	2.33
3.79 through 3.99	2.49
4.79 through 4.99	3.09
5.79 through 5.99	3.79
6.79 through 6.99	4.49

(Slightly hard-to-get records somewhat higher)

Special Price Records Each Month!

Leading Labels... \$3.99 to \$1.99 to \$1.46

(Originally sold for up to \$4.75*)

*In some areas, records may be purchased at below manufacturers' suggested list prices.

CHOOSE A RECORD FREE—NOW!

Take any one of these hit albums—or any other record you want!



7114



7273



7188



7305



7236



7229



98474



58414

Records Unlimited
Box 509, Harmony, Indiana 47853

I'm enclosing my \$2.50 lifetime enrollment fee. Please send me this record—free.

Title.....
Label.....
Catalog No.....

Also send me a copy of the current Records Unlimited buying guide. I understand that enrollment includes no obligation to purchase any records at any time, but I can make the purchase I wish at Records Unlimited discount prices and change them to my account.

First Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State..... Zip.....
Code.....

In addition to the free record you've already chosen, you may also order right now any of the other albums shown here. Merely fill in below the number of the records you want. Be sure to enclose full payment.

..... 626-5/76



Heart and sole,
we're in the
customer's shoes.

We'll go that extra mile.

- We feature the cars you prefer—GM.
- We give you S & H Green Stamps.
- We offer you 1600 locations.
- We accept recognized credit cards.

Besides, we're the first in the industry to guarantee reservations through a completely computerized system. And we maintain the best conditioned fleet in the business. No wonder we grew twice as fast as our competitors last year and are now No. 2 in locations. If you're looking for someone who'll take a few extra steps to please and serve, try National.

The customer is always No. 1

© NCR 1969 In Canada and throughout the world it's TILDENational

**NATIONAL
CAR RENTAL**



Contents

MARCH 3, 1969 Volume 30, No. 9

Cover photograph by Phil Up Landon

20 Frenzied Ride on Placid Ice

The World Bobsted Championships on Lake Placid produced a number of upsets—both on the ice and in the record books

24 Arts and Letters Gets a Degree

Graduating into the ranks of Derby-bound colts, Arts and Letters scrambles the scene at Hialeah

26 Psyched Up, Not Shaved Down

The Yale swimming team peaked to upset mighty Stanford without sacrificing either a mustache or sideburns

28 ARARARARARARGH!

The sound is the laugh of Vince Lombardi, who, as coach of the Washington Redskins, is putting his legend on the line

34 Yes! Bert Is In—with Go Power

Bert Lancaster is famous in Philadelphia for peddling Fords. Now he has an indoor track meet to sell

42 A Knock-out for a Brain-in

Boxer Eddie Spence teaches, acts, sings and plays the piano, but he also slugs people silly

54 The Roller Derby

Rocking and whirring its way across the country, the Derby continues to enthrall millions of speed fans

The departments

8 Scorecard

52 Golf

47 People

71 For the Record

48 College Basketball

72 Basketball's Week

50 Motor Sports

74 19th Hole



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James A. Linen, President; Richard B. McKay, Treasurer; John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each Continental U.S. subscription \$9 a year, Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands \$10 a year, military personnel anywhere in the world \$6 a year, all others \$14 a year.

Credits on page 71

Next week

THE WINTER CARNIVAL goes West—for the world skating championships at Colorado Springs and World Cup skiing at Squaw Valley. Bob Ottum follows the U.S. girls to both.

THE GOLDEN DAYS of spring training are a time when—for young and old—all things seem possible. Armit Michael Rasmussen captures the sunny magic of the relaxed baseball camps.

CHAMPION AUTO RACER Graham Hill of Britain writes of his sport's hazards but says he has never missed a night's sleep despite the threat of hairy accidents on road and track.



The one thing no other life insurance company can offer your family is a Mass Mutual agent.

One of these days, you're going to get down to cases and protect your family with a life insurance program.

When you do, you're going to want a life insurance man who knows his business the way you know yours.

We have such a man. At Mass Mutual, we seek out a career man. We train him as a life insurance professional. We expect him to stay with us — and you — as

an adviser and consultant over a lifetime.

That's why the number of Mass Mutual agents who hold the Chartered Life Underwriter designation is four times the industry average. Why the number who win industry-wide recognition like the National Quality Award for continuing service to their clients is also four times the industry average. Why six times the industry average are members

of the Million Dollar Round Table. And why Mass Mutual's field force is widely regarded as the finest in the country.

When you're ready, talk to a life insurance professional. From Mass Mutual.

Massachusetts Mutual 
Life Insurance Company 
Springfield, Massachusetts Organized 1851



Torn but triumphant

Does Life work?

Ask Del Monte. They'll show you a couple of tons of clipped newsprint that's making them very happy indeed.

After six gatefold advertisements, Del Monte estimates the returns to reach well over 42 million clipped "features."

42 million! That's a lot of work for readers to clip and enclose and mail...a remarkable response to advertising...and a tremendous amount of *continuous* cooperation from food retailers who, incidentally, have continuously voted Life #1 in advertising effectiveness.

According to Jim Roddy of McCann-Erickson, San Francisco, Del Monte's agency, "We needed a national print medium...It had to be a dual audience magazine...it had to have a large cir-

culation, especially among the younger housewives...and—very importantly—it must have an issue frequency that would permit us to schedule our ads during our important promotional periods...We took a good hard look at all possible candidates. We selected LIFE."

Roland Saysette, Advertising Director for Del Monte, told the San Francisco Advertising Club this month, "All of these individually clipped features returned to date would form a tower more than a mile high. Take the Bank of America Building, the Wells Fargo Building, the Russ Building, the Alcoa Building, the Crown Zellerbach Building and the Equitable Building, stack them one on top of another and then

hoist the whole pile to the top of Mount Tamalpais. The total height of that monstrous tower would be...22 feet less than our stack of newsprint—and it's *increasing* by some 250 feet every week. Now *there's* a disposal problem for you!"

But when you consider that the biggest weekly audience in the world (print or TV) saw each of those gatefolds, and when you consider that Life has been the food industry's first choice in print for 28 consecutive years, it's a little easier to understand why Del Monte is getting all that response from readers and retailers alike.

Life works.

The White River... where mountains are striking and so are the trout

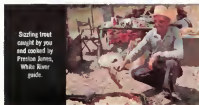


Float Fishing on the White River

The Middle South (Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi)

To be perfectly truthful, Arkansas' White River isn't white. It's a startlingly transparent green as it flows over deep pools and rocky shoals, past the mountains and bluffs that line its bank. Chances are, this magnificent

Ozark scenery may temporarily divert your attention from the large and numerous trout waiting to strike your bait. But whether you yearn for rainbow trout or for scenic grandeur, the White River is the place to go.



Sizzling trout
caught by you
and cooked by
Prestice Jones,
White River
guide.

ARKANSAS POWER & LIGHT
LOUISIANA POWER & LIGHT

MISSISSIPPI POWER & LIGHT
NEW ORLEANS PUBLIC SERVICE INC.



YOUR TICKET TO ADVENTURE

MIDDLE SOUTH-5, Box 8000 New Orleans, Louisiana 70109

Please send me your FREE guide-map of vacation adventures in The Changing Middle South

MIDDLE SOUTH
UTILITIES SYSTEM

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

You can expect up to 40,000 miles from a polyester fiberglass belted tire like the new Concorde Premium* G700 and G780!

An impartial report confirms: you can get up to double the mileage ... and at a lower cost-per-mile!

After intensive testing of several replacement tires of varying construction and materials, a national public organization rated the polyester fiberglass belted tires among the best.



Track-inspired styling!

It has a low profile, a sexy look! Although not a racing tire, the G700 is built with reserve strength and traction for today's driving at today's speeds.

The organization estimated that the polyester fiberglass belted tire would last 40,000 miles, the same distance as the top-performing radial-type tires.

And, the polyester fiberglass belted tire proved to operate at the lowest cost-per-mile!

These findings confirm the claims made for the Concorde Premium* G700, a wide-tread polyester fiberglass belted tire.

Tread wear is improved up to 100% over tires that come on most new cars!.

You get the best features of both the conventional bias-ply tire and the radial-ply tire with the all-new Concorde G700. Yet it's priced in between. (Also available in the G780 series, which is more like conventional tires in profile and appearance, although its tread width is noticeably wider.)

We'd suggest you look at the Concorde with the big difference next time you need a new set of tires. There's a Concorde dealer near you!



The tread width on the G700 is much greater than that on conventional tires—up to 2" wider. The belts under the tread keep the tread firmly on the road, from shoulder to shoulder, at corners and curves, flexible sidewalls absorb the steering action.



453 Commercial St., Boston, Massachusetts 02109



*Premium is Concorde's designation. No industry standards exist for "premium".

†Actual mileage depends on tire size and driving conditions.

For the Concorde dealer nearest you, contact any of the following distributors:

Orson E. Coe, Pomtec, Inc., 2323 26th St. SE, Grand Rapids, Mich. / Automotive Warehouse Inc., 50 W. Reynolds, Ceresville, Ill. / Minnesota Tire Inc., 319 Washington Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn. / Associate Tire Company, 1235 Union St., Kansas City, Mo. / King Tire Company, 719 W. Wyoming Ave., Chebennish, Ohio. Arroyo Tire Co., 28818 Ford Rd., Garden City, Mich. / Concorde Wholesale Tire & Supply, 5220 W. Yellowstone, Casper, Wyo. / Celestide Tire Warehouse Inc., 1917 Chestnut Place, Denver, Colo. / Ray's General Tire, Madison & Pine Sts., Green Bay, Wis. / T & W Tire and Battery, 309 Court St., Sioux City, Iowa.

We'd like to thank all the guys who helped make the Austin America possible.



Thanks, guys.

We couldn't have done it without you.

You had some great ideas. And from bumper to bumper, we're loaded with them.

Like you, Cord.

Long before we were a glimmer, you were barreling around on front wheel drive. Safe, sure steering. Solid cornering. Okay, so maybe you were a little ahead of your time, but that's just the breaks of the game.

And you, Jaguar. Most guys just think about starting up and driving, but who thinks about stopping? You did, Jag. And if disc brakes are good enough for you, they're good enough for us.

And you, Mustang. You're brash and you're still a kid. But we love you anyhow. You dreamed up a fully automatic transmission that can be shifted manually

also. It's beautiful, Mustang. All we've done is make it more so. Ours has four forward speeds instead of the usual three.

Now, every team has some forgotten soul who made a big contribution, and we've got ours.

It's you, Model T.

Henry, when you built that car, you really built a car. You put a rich man's luxury within every man's reach. A car that runs on pennies and lasts for years.

Mr. Ford, we've done you proud.

Last, but not least (and we get a little choked up here), we'd like to thank you, LaSalle—wherever you are. You had one roomy rear, LaSalle. Leg room, head room, knee room. You had it all. We think you'll be happy to know that your room lives on—even if you don't.

Well, guys, that about wraps it up. Except for a few extra touches. Like price.

An incredible \$1899*, automatic transmission included.

And for that, there's absolutely no one around to thank.

Fortunately.

At Austin / MG Dealers.


ILLUSTRATED RETAIL PRICE. P.D. 10.00. ALSO AVAILABLE WITH MANUAL TRANSMISSION. \$1799. P.D. 10.00. *MSRP. EXcludes delivery, preparation, taxes, license, title, and dealer fees. ©1979 MG. U.S.A. INC.

SCORECARD

BLACK TIE

Spring is drawing near and invitations have already been mailed to golfers who will comprise the field for the 1969 Masters Tournament in Augusta, Ga. Most of those chosen are picked by formula: all former Masters champions, the first 24 finishers of the year before, the first 16 finishers in the U.S. Open, the U.S. and British Amateur champions and so on. But there is also one wild-card choice available, the former Masters champions are allowed to get together and extend an invitation to one man who otherwise does not qualify.

We hope the champions will ask Charlie Sifford this year. The cigar-smoking Sifford won the important Los Angeles Open in January, and he has been a sound, consistent performer over the years. To the past three Masters, the champions have invited, successively, Mike Souchak, Gardner Dickinson and Tommy Jacobs. Sifford's credentials seem at least as valid (he has won two PGA tournaments since 1967, which is as many as Souchak, Dickinson and Jacobs have won together).

Sifford would be the first black man ever to play in this distinguished tournament. We think the Masters champions would do a service to golf if they invited him.

FUTURE PICK

There is nothing like an undefeated football team to spread a college's fame far and wide. Penn State, which used to get nervous if a prospect came from as far away as Ohio, has a recruiting tentacle reaching all the way down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Jerome May, a third-grader in Metairie, La., has written to Penn State declaring that he wants to go there some day, "because it is my favorite college team. I think Penn State are champs because you won every game. . . . How do I get to be a student at Penn State College?"

Warren R. Haffner, associate director of academic services at the university,

answered young Mr. May. "In order to become a student at Penn State," Haffner replied, "you will have to study hard and receive good grades."

He might have added that a few lessons in downfield blocking wouldn't hurt, either.

THAT LONESOME ROAD

The home-court advantage in Western Athletic Conference basketball games, mentioned here a few weeks ago, was embarrassingly evident this season in the home-and-home series between Arizona and Utah. In Tucson, its home base, Arizona crushed Utah by 26 points, 90-64. When the teams met later in Salt Lake City, the Utes retaliated with a 30-point triumph, 105-75.

In case you're betting and trying to get an edge on the spread, that adds up to 56 points of home-court plus.

ST. LOUIS OMEN

Major league hockey's expansion last season has created a startling surge of interest in the ice sport. In St. Louis, for example, where the Blues are leading the new clubs in the National Hockey League's West Division, one sporting-goods store (Giesler-Jorgen) reported selling 500 hockey sticks in a single mid-January weekend. Casey's, a three-store chain, reported selling 3,600 sticks the same weekend.

Ken Connor, manager of the Casey chain, said that people phoned from as far away as Decatur, Ill. (110 miles to the northeast) and Columbia, Mo. (120 miles west) to ask if hockey sticks were available. Assured that sticks were in good supply, they showed up in St. Louis a few hours later to buy them. Even expensive items like goalies' gloves (\$50 per set) sold rapidly.

Walter Jorgen of Giesler-Jorgen said, "After a weekend like that you figure by now every kid must have a stick. But the next weekend we sold another 150. January is traditionally a slow month for sporting-goods companies,

but our business this January was phenomenal. And 89% of the sales were related to hockey."

Last April, when the Blues were in the playoffs, we actually sold more hockey sticks than baseball bats. And the interest continued well after anyone could have found any ice. It kept up right on into June."

One reason is the "iceless" puck, which sells for \$1.95, compared to 95¢ for the official NHL puck. The iceless puck is made so that it will slide on concrete or wood, whereas an official puck tends to roll. Kids not in organized leagues, which play on rinks, often play without skates on parking lots, tennis courts, streets, alleys, basements or even —when Mom isn't around—living rooms.

And all this in more or less southern St. Louis where, two years ago, virtually no one in town knew the difference between a body check and a slap shot.

PAR FOR THE TORT

Hitting people on the head with golf balls was the subject of recent litigation in two widely separate sections of the country, and the consensus appears to be, go right ahead—it's up to your fellow golfers to get out of your way. In



Massachusetts the State Supreme Court ruled that it was not even necessary to shout "Fore!" as your errant drive wings its way toward an unsuspecting skull. It would be a courteous, and even kind, thing to do, but it is not legally obligatory. The court held that anyone who goes out on a golf course should know that once in a great while a golf ball will not go precisely where a golfer aims it, and that by the very act of stepping

onto the course a person accepts the risk of being hit.

In Nebraska a jury of seven women and five men rejected a personal-injury suit brought by one golfer against a member of his foursome who hooked one off his skull. The argument here, though not quite as all-embracing as the one in Massachusetts, nonetheless said much the same thing—golfers assume some risk when they go out on a course, and they should know that errant shots (a pleasant euphemism for ghastly hooks and morale-breaking slices) are all too common.

One last touch in the Nebraska case: the attorney for the plaintiff brought two golf clubs into court to demonstrate how what happened happened. The clubs were duly entered as evidence, and the attorney had to obtain a court order to get them back.

CAN'T WIN 'EM ALL

Under the heading "Sporting Festures," in a calendar of events for 1969 sent out to prospective visitors by the Irish Tourist Board, is the notation: "Glasnevin Cemetery. Every Sunday morning at 11:30 a.m. during the months of July and August there is a conducted tour of the national graves and monuments in Glasnevin."

TEB AGAIN

Bud Leavitt of the *Bangor Daily News* in Maine phoned his old friend Ted Williams in Florida after the word was out about Ted's new job with the Washington Senators.

"What do you want?" asked Williams. Leavitt said he thought he would just phone to ask how much Ted was weighing these days.

"Yeah, yeah, I know. Well, what can I say? I'm as excited as a kid about this thing. Really excited about it. Really excited."

Some people think you'll strike out as a manager.

"Well, if I strike out, I won't recuperate in the poorhouse. I've talked all this over with you. You know my feelings and philosophy. I'm not going to work any one-year miracles."

What about players wearing long hair?

"I'm not going to fuss around with a guy's barber if he can hit the ball. But I sure as hell don't want to see any of my players walking to the plate with beards. Why do you ask such stupid questions?

continued

The cost of a college education is up 68% since 1957.

What! You still don't own any mutual funds?

Investment Company Institute, 61 Broadway, N.Y.

BART STARR

has written a book called *Winning Football* in it he shows you how to avoid the blitz, call an automatic and out the ball. Bart demonstrates the game plan in over 50 instructional drawings. Read Bart's book and win the championship. One dollar covers book postage and handling. Mail to:
Grow Ahead Books, Dept. 43, Box 263, Columbus, Ohio 43216



**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED
SOCKS IT TO
YOU**

**ONLY
BARBERS
AND
HAIRSTYLISTS
SELL**

WESTPHAL'S®

finest grooming aids since 1881



NICKLAUS

JACK has written a book called *Winning Golf* in it he demonstrates his amazing skills and shows you how to fit him to your game. Burns and dozens of all new instructional drawings. Great for beginners and low handicappers. Read Jack's book then join the Tour. One dollar covers book postage and handling. Mail to:
Grow Ahead Books, Dept. 43, Box 263, Columbus, Ohio 43216



*Long Points like
Ashaway
Racket Strings
than All Other
Stringed Rackets*

BETTER PLAY

ASHAWAY®

**THE RACKET STRING
FOR BETTER PLAYERS**

**VANTAGE II
(Blue Spiral)**

For championship play
— Super strength with
high tension strength.

**VANTAGE
(Material)**

Plays like old —
and stays better longer.

**PRO-FIXED
(Heavy Spiral)**

For club play —
bracketed armor
cover for better ball
control and longer wear.

**MULTI-PLY
(Green Cross)**

For regular play — featuring
bracketed control surface,
high strength and low cost.

**ASHAWAY LINE & TWINE
MFG. CO.
Ashaway, Rhode Island 02804**

Free* Guide to Good Courtship® — just check off request.



*Before the first person did his "thing," there was
an America worth knowing. You can see for yourself in*

TIME
LIFE
BOOKS

THIS FABULOUS CENTURY

Sixty Years of American Life

Take a nostalgic (if you're old enough) or a wide-eyed (if you're young enough) look at the first sixty years of American life in **THIS FABULOUS CENTURY**. In this new and unique series of books, you'll find out how Theda Bara became "The Vamp" and Charlie Chaplin became "The Tramp" and how people loved to hear Texas Guinan say "Hello, sucker!" F. Scott Fitzgerald caught and distilled the frantic pace of the Roaring Twenties in his memorable novels: *The Great Gatsby* and *This Side of Paradise*. And, in the 30's, everybody went to the movies to see the brothers Groucho, Chico, Harpo and Zeppo... The Yankee Clipper hit in 51 straight a few years later... and then Norma Jean Baker turned into M.M., the most glamorous—and perhaps the loneliest—movie star of the 20th century.

With the aid of more than 2,100 photographs, prints, posters, cartoons, and sketches, many in full color, the editors of **TIME-LIFE BOOKS** have created a national family album of stars and villains, triumphs and failures,

inspirations and passing fancies. With pictures culled from dusty attics, steamer trunks, library collections, and even individual family albums, they have recreated America at the turn of the century.

You'll see in the first volume (1900-1910) how—through cartoons, advertisements, and even song sheets—Americans fell madly and completely in love with the automobile. Perhaps it started when Grandma caught the gleam in Grandpa's eye as he asked her to go for a ride "In My Merry Oldsmobile." In a series of fascinating pictures of automobiles from Volume I, the editors show some of the perils of a Sunday afternoon's drive (there were only 150 miles of paved roads in the U.S. at the turn of the century) and a bewildering variety of the latest automobiling fashions.

1900-1910 was the golden age of money—and Newport was the place to spend it. When one coal baron put up a \$1.2 million cottage, the Vanderbilts put him in the social shade with a \$2 million country home; then fur-



nished it for another \$11 million. One lady imported the entire Broadway musical cast of *The Wild Rose* to play on her lawn at Newport. And Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish uttered her modest disclaimer: "We are not rich. We have only a few million."

But, for the hometown girl that Grandpa wooed and won, there was a "wishing book." It was the Sears, Roebuck catalogue, an innovation that revolutionized the American home with labor-saving devices. You'll see how Grandma felt about "The Celebrated True Blue Enamelled Steel Ware Teapot" at 58¢ or "The Perfect Cherry Stoner" at 70¢.

It was also the beginning of a new era for hundreds of thousands of immigrants to America. One of them, Edward Corsi, who later became U.S. Commissioner of Immigration, recalled his own amazement at the New York skyline when he first arrived from Italy. "Mountains! I cried to my brother. Look at them! 'They're strange,' he said. 'Why don't they have snow on them?'"

T.R., the President, stood larger in peoples' minds than any other man of his time.

But even T.R. said of his 17-year-old daughter: "I can do one of two things. I can be President of the United States, or I can control Alice. I cannot possibly do both." For Alice was the living embodiment of the Gibson Girl. She smoked openly, she played poker, she defiantly did "her own thing." Tin Pan Alley ground out songs in honor of Alice ("Alice Blue Gown") and to match a nation's exuberant mood. There was music to drive by, to romance by, to go to school by, and even music to send your wife to the country by—"My Wife's Gone to the Country, Hurrah, Hurrah." Some things never change!

You may examine volume 1 for 10 days FREE

To enter your reservation to *THIS FABULOUS CENTURY*, just mail the attached postage paid order card. Or simply write to TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Time and Life Building, Department 0301, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



The 1980 Front-Drive Eldorado. Cadillac Motor Car Division

You don't have to choose between a luxury car and a personal car. For those who appreciate the ultimate in motoring pleasure there is the front-wheel-drive Eldorado, most personal of all luxury cars and most luxurious of all personal cars.

Cadillac
 STANDARD OF THE WORLD



How much snow you got in Maine? Is my camp at the Miramichi all right? Check it out for me. Give Roy McKay a call in Canada and tell him to keep the roof shoveled."

What about your coaching staff?

"One of them won't be you, you can bet on that. I might hire Lloyd Clark, if he was available, but he's too good a game warden. That was some picture of Lloyd with those bobcats in your paper last week. How much did those three cats weigh? One hundred pounds? Wow. I don't know about coaches yet. I'm going to lean very hard on that little guy, Nellie Fox."

What about Vince Lombardi taking over the Washington Redskins?

"That's great. He's an organizer. Look at the staff he's put together. Now, if I could get Al Dark to coach first base, Eddie Stanky to handle third and Walter Alton to sit beside me on the bench, I'd be in pretty good shape."

How are your wife and your six-month-old son, John Henry?

"They're fine, just fine. The kid's going to be a good hutter. He steps right up to the milk bottle and draws hard. Listen, I gotta go. Fishing's lousy here but I'm going out for a few hours. I have to get away from you wolves. Oops, I have to keep reminding myself to be nice to you knights of the keyboard. Give my love to your commanding general [Mrs. Leavitt] and the two girls. Say hello to everybody up there, and keep your snow shovel handy."

WITH ORANGE SAUCE, PLEASE

The Ducks Unlimited office in Chicago is getting some strange telephone calls these days. The conservation organization's phone number apparently is only one finger-lickin' click away from the number of a carry-out restaurant called "Chicken Delight."

LOW PRESSURE

Charley Wolf, former coach of the Cincinnati Royals and Detroit Pistons, is now in the car-leasing business in Cincinnati, but he is still coaching. Charley handles the seventh- and eighth-grade teams at his parish church near Fort Mitchell, Ky.

As a pro coach, Wolf had strict rules governing things like dress and curfews and personal conduct, and even at the grade-school level he remains a man with strong views. "I won't play a zone or

continued



No other camera has this switch.

Look at the photographer's left index finger. It's on a switch which allows him to make a choice between two separate exposure meter systems. The Mamiya/Sekor DTL is the world's first 35mm, single lens reflex camera with two separate through the lens exposure reading systems. Why two? Because subjects with front lighting are measured easiest with an "averaged" meter system. With back or side

lighting you need a "spot" meter system to read the most important part of the picture. Almost all fine 35mm SLR cameras have one of these systems; only the Mamiya/Sekor DTL has both. The DTL with every important SLR feature is priced from less than \$180, plus case. Ask for a demonstration at your photo dealer or write for folder to PonderBest, 11201 West Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90064.

OSCAR

ROBERTSON

has written a book called *Winning Basketball*. In it he shows you how to control the ball and score points. The instructional drawings are great and there are lots of them. Read Oscar's book and make the team. One other covers book, postage and handling. Mail to: *Great Athlete Books*, Dept. 95, Box 252, Glenview, Ill. 60025

 ♀ There's a golf course in Indiana that lets private players land on the Windsor fairways. The grass is that sturdy.
 ♂ SCOTTY, the great people *****



FLURRIES OF FUN EACH WEEK IN SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



If Field & Stream's aroma doesn't remind you of a great autumn day...you're catching a cold.



West Any Combination

THE LOOK YOU WANT—WHEN YOU WANT IT!

Be Amazed at the Exciting Change in your Personal Appearance!

Now You can actually select the way you want to look. Color, Texture, Disfigurement, Cool, Sober — you name it! Wear each one independently or combine them for the effect you desire.

All items made to existing professional standards. Fully self-adhering. Can be worn with self confidence anywhere, anytime. They are so life-like you will have to remind yourself that they can be removed!

FREE with each order, a complete guide that tells how to naturally wear your sideburns, mustache and skin dye.

When ordering state hair color — light, medium, or dark brown, black or gray hair, shape, amount (top, or side) (eyes). If not sure of your hair shade, enclose hair sample. 125¢, Money Back Guarantee. Mustache 52, Sideburns 53, Van Dyke 53. Order all 3 items for only \$5 (Save \$3).

Send to: MAN INTERNATIONAL, 6310 Yucca Street, Dept. 508, Hollywood, California 90028.

TIRE, SEARS STEEL RADIAL 1
64592 December 21, 1968



You're looking at an X-ray of the two steel belts inside the Sears Steel Radial Tire.

They help us guarantee it for 40,000 miles.

But we hear life just begins at 40.



Here's the exterior.

This X-ray examination gives you a good healthy look at the Sears Steel Radial.

What you see under the tread are two overlapping belts of steel mesh. Not fabric. Steel.

These steel belts keep the tread more rigid. Tougher.

They help keep the tread flat on the road for better gas mileage, more traction, and longer tread life.

Sears, Roebuck and Co. guarantees this tire for 40,000 miles. But at that point, there's usually plenty of safe driving left. And you can thank the steel belts for each extra mile you get.

Depending on size, the Sears Steel Radial sells for \$41.94 to \$61.33 with old tire F.E.T. included.

That's pretty painless when you consider that this tire should outlive 2 or 3 ordinary tires.

And there's never any haggling about cost at Sears. The advertised price is the selling price.

No money down on Sears Easy Payment Plan.

Drive over to Sears today and look into the Steel Radial. You'll find it's just what the doctor ordered.



The Steel Radial Guarantee. Sears guarantees The Sears Steel Radial.

Tire on passenger cars or light trucks. If tread wears off or if the fabric from road hazards before 40,000 miles, we will at our option exchange it for a new tire or give you a refund (charging, in either case, only for mileage received).

If one fails from defects during the life of the original tread, we will exchange it for a new tire (charging only for tread wear).

Charges will be pro-rata share of then current regular selling price plus F.E.T. Road punctures repaired at no charge.

Sears
ALLSTATE



Sears wants you safe.

Ask the people involved in highway safety —about Aetna.



Death on the highways.

At Aetna we refuse to accept it as a fact of life.

We designed the first classroom driving simulator for high schools. We helped found the National Safety Council and the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety. And our engineering people are constantly helping to improve the driving records of the nation's car, truck and taxi fleets.

Highway safety is everybody's job. But as one of the largest companies in the world handling all kinds of insurance, Aetna and its agents feel a special obligation.



OUR CONCERN IS PEOPLE

even practice against a zone," he says. "At that age, I want to teach them individual responsibility in guarding a particular man. It's much easier going from man-to-man to a zone."

But if he is just as stern in his coaching ideas, Wolf is much more relaxed competitively. "I think we finished this season about two and 13, or something like that," he says. "We practice only one day a week and play on Saturdays."

COVER UP

A couple of years ago a 10-year-old boy named Lonny Gustafson was hit in the chest by a pitched ball in a Little League game in Fremont, Calif. He was not seriously injured, but he was sufficiently bruised, physically and mentally, to be kept out of baseball for the rest of that season. His father, Don Gustafson, frightened by the incident and disturbed by its implications, got to thinking and finally asked an orthopedist he knew to make up a plaster-of-Paris cast to cover Lonny's chest, including the diaphragm and the lower ribs. After the cast had hardened Don tried it on Lonny, made a few alterations here and there and then asked a plastics firm to construct an experimental model. Straps were added and —voilà!—the first batter's chest protector. When it was tested in games, two youngsters who were struck in the chest were unhurt, even though one pitched ball hit a boy so hard that it bounced all the way back to the mound. Gustafson's invention was purchased by the Wilson Sporting Goods Company and is listed in Wilson's new spring-summer catalog. The lightweight protector has been made mandatory equipment for some Little League teams already, and the Air Force Academy plans to use it this spring in baseball practice.

THEY SAID IT

• Lieut. (j.g.) F. Carl Schumacher of the U.S.S. *Partho*, after mentioning that the crew had used a misshapen soccer ball to play American football with during their months of captivity in North Korea: "The Koreans couldn't understand our love of football. I think they thought it was too dangerous and that we were out of our minds."

• Morris (Bucky) Buckwalter, Seattle University basketball coach, after being involved in a minor automobile accident: "I set up a moving screen and the other guy ran into it."

END

BURNISHED BRASS

Jarman's new leather color really "swings" with today's lighter tones in men's wear. Available at your nearby dealer's in several upbeat interpretations with the "shaped" look. Try a pair and swing into the season in style ("wear-tested" Jarman comfort, too.)

Jarman
SHOES FOR MEN

©1985 Jarman Shoe Company, Nashville, Tennessee. All rights reserved. Jarman is a registered trademark of Jarman Shoe Company. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners. Jarman shoes are available in sizes 7 to 12, widths A to E. Price \$115 to \$125.

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE • A DIVISION OF **CHATHAM**

X-31 irons are the easiest-playing, most efficient clubs in golf. A uniquely designed sole glides through turf, gets the ball up in the air fast, makes it stop quickly on the green.



Wilson X-31 woods with Strata-Bloc® head construction, put maximum power where the club meets the ball. You get a more effective hitting area, better impact, improved control and greater distance.



Wilson®

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., River Grove, Illinois
Another quality company of Long-Temco-Vought, Inc. **LTV**

(Available only through golf professional shops.)

Chargers.

Power-Groove[®] shafts are engineered to reduce torsion and sharpen accuracy. And each shaft is individually matched to the weight of its club head. All X-31 clubs are beautifully styled and luxuriously appointed.

Exclusive Wilson

Aluminum Alloy shafts bring extra lightness, with strength, to X-31 clubs. They increase club head speed with the same swing effort. (Available with steel shafts, too.)





FRENZIED RIDE ON PLACID ICE

The ancient Olympic bobsled run at Lake Placid, N.Y. had a new push-off platform that made it so fast the oldtimers threw away their record books. The only real question: Who could hang on long enough to win the first complete world bob contest in four years? **by BOB OTTUM**



The Swiss spilled, Italy and the U.S. fumbled and Germany (above) whizzed from behind on the last run to win the four-man world bobs title.

To those few who handle it well there is no sensation in the world like taking a bobsled around a high iced wall at 90 mph. Well, maybe there is one other: finding out who does it best. For the past two weeks the sledders have been doing exactly that, and now at last—battered, worried, defeated or successful—they know.

Everyone who is anyone in sledding assembled at Lake Placid in upstate New York for the 1969 World Bobsled Cham-

pionships. The Lake Placid run is the only one in all of North America, an ice monument left over from the 1932 Olympics, and last weekend it also proved to be the fastest in the world.

For four years now bobsledders have been trying to pull off a full-bore world championship, one where everybody gets in all four of the required runs, and for four years now things have been going wrong. Usually the villain has been the sun, with bobsled courses disintegrating

overnight. Warm weather shortened the 1966 championship in Cortina, and the same thing happened in 1967 and 1968 at Alpe d'Huez in France. In fact, the last time the sledders managed to put together a complete contest was at St. Moritz in 1965.

But this year cold weather came to the high Adirondacks and 13 nations came ready to ride. There were the Italians, fresh from winning the European four-man title, coached by last year's

continued



dual Olympic champion, Eugenio Monti. ("It is terrible, this coaching," said Monti. "I want to get on the sled and do it myself.") There were the two-man European titlists, Erwin Thaler and Reinhold Durnthaler of Austria; a band of tough Rumanians; a few Czechs, some Swiss, bearded Germans in shiny black suits; a tidy crew of Britons with silk scarves knotted carelessly at their necks; some gritty Frenchmen; and maybe the meanest American crew anyone had ever seen. They shook hands all around and went to the top of the hill.

"Now then," said Monti, who looks especially purposeful because most of his face is a road map of old bobsledding scars. "Now then, it is easy to ride the sled down. Anyone can do that. It is not so easy to ride it down and win."

The old fox was so right. The Japanese looked at the run and asked if maybe they could start training from the halfway point to get the feel of it. "Hell, no," one official growled. "You take it from the top like everyone else." And the Japanese did: on their sled runners, on their heads, elbows and, occasionally, their noses, in what had to be one of the greatest displays of educational courage ever shown. In the official two-man competition that followed, they went so high into one curve that the brakeman hit his head on the guard-rail and knocked himself unconscious. They finished by slamming through a fence and shattering their sled, picking up along the way an amazing collection of broken bones and bruises. They still came up smiling a few days later, pleased with their progress.

The Lake Placid run proved to be unusually devious. It wriggles down Mount Van Hoevenberg for the regulation 1,600 meters. It has just three major curves, and for each big curve there is a little one, as required. The total drop is 165 meters and the average grade is 10.2 degrees—and anyone can run that, right? Not on your hand brake, they can't. For one thing, the Lake Placid people have improved

the run every year, and this time they had installed a new 50-foot push-off area where the sledders could really sprint to get their sleds started. And that did it. The old course record down the chute was 1:08.84 for the two-man sleds and 1:06.92 for the fours. In practice the two-man sleds broke that mark six times and then 29 times again in the official runs. And the four-man teams were tougher than that: they broke the record 74 times in training and in the first day of actual competition they did it 28 times out of 34 starts. The oldtime bobsled veterans gave up trying to hand-icap the meet and lined the rails to watch. "This thing," said one of them, "could be anybody's championship."

Exactly. The combined time of four runs over two days makes a winner. And there, after the first day of two-man competition, sat the U.S. in the lead. And there, after the second day of competition, sat the U.S. suddenly in fourth place. Italians Nevio de Sordo and Adriano Frassinelli had beaten them, piling up a fast second-beat run of 1:06.62 and a 4:31.73 combined. The Rumanians swept to a silver medal; Italy's other team took the bronze.

Italian brakeman Mario Armiso shrugged ever so slightly. "We are to bobsledding what the U.S.A. is to basketball," he said.

But if the two-man battle was fierce, the four-man contest stood the town on its ear. In practice American Driver Les Fenner and crew crashed badly. Fenner, a retired Air Force jet pilot from nearby Keeseville, said, "Damn, I just missed getting on that line by inches." Unhurt after spilling out of the sled in a tangled heap, they shouldered aside an offer of free help from an excited obstetrician spectator who jumped into the course, retrieved their sled, went right back to the top and set an alltime-course record—a slashing 1:04.00. Then the Swiss team crashed and also went back for more. At the end of the first day's two official runs Fenner and crew were in front with a 2:10.50, the Swiss were sitting second with 2:10.69 and Fred Fortune's U.S. No. 2 sled and Germany were tied for third. The Italians lurked in fourth spot.

But two-heat standings never scare sledders, and on Sunday morning when they assembled for the finale it was obviously still anybody's title. In the next few hours, while a well-chilled crowd of

more than 7,000 lined the walls, they pulled off bobsledding's best show in years.

The Swiss ran in 1:04.73 and headed for the top again. Fenner brought his crew down in 1:05.36. "Now on this last run," growled U.S. brakeman Allen Hachigian, "we really will blast." The German sled roared up the finish ramp with a 1:04.76, its best time of the meet, but then Italy came in with 1:04.62. Everybody was bunched. That set up the climax, the sort of thing that sledders are tensed for.

Jean Wicks, the Swiss driver, figured up his times. "We are leading with 3.15.42," he said, "but not by much. This one does it."

With the Swiss sled three-quarters of the way down the final run and headed for seemingly certain victory, disaster beckoned. Past a deadly, scooping turn called Shady and approaching a snapper called Zag-Zag, Wicks's sled suddenly was on its side, its riders still locked in place, hanging on. "I hit a rut," he said, "and for a few seconds I still thought I could get it upright again. But then it got upside down, and suddenly the cowl-ing was all smashed, the suspension broke and a runner popped off. That was the end—we were out of it."

After officials pulled the riders and the wreckage out of the ice chute, the Italians zoomed down in 1:05.59. Fenner's American sled made the run in 1:05.58 and the Germans in 1:05.13. That did it. The Germans, piloted by Wolfgang Zimmerer, had sneaked in with the lowest combined time: 4:20.75. Italy was next with 4:21.20, and at 4:21.44 was Fenner and crew. In the first-aid room Wicks turned aside inquiries about his health by saying, "Broken rib." And then: "Imagine. We weren't watching for those Germans. We knew they were in third before the last heat. We were just looking for the Italians."

So Nevio de Sordo and Wolfgang Zimmerer are bobsledding's new world-champion pilots—no braver, just faster than anyone else. And at the bottom grizzled Fred Fortune, the 47-year-old veteran who had piloted the second U.S. sled into fourth place, looked back up the run and shook his head. "Tough game," he growled. "First mistake a guy makes, he loses the championship. It is as easy as that. Trouble is, you're going so damn fast you're not sure where you made the mistake." **END**

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB DORRILL

The U.S. lost its sled but came back to place third. Italy's Gaspari took second with the aid of team massager and the coaching of Eugenio Monti. When the Germans crossed the finish line they did not know they had won.

ARTS AND LETTERS GETS A DEGREE

Graduating cum laude into the ranks of the Derby-bound colts, Elliott Burch's speedy chestnut scrambles the scene at Hialeah by WHITNEY TOWER

He is engagingly named, and he has just won last week's big race, the Everglades, at Hialeah. As he stands for his victory portrait (opposite), Arts and Letters is one handsome reason why the 1969 3-year-old season should be as lively as any in recent years. And his triumph in the Everglades makes him a favorite for next week's Flamingo, six of whose winners went on to be first in the Kentucky Derby.

Another reason for rising interest in the Triple Crown colts two months before the first event in that series is the fact that last year's undisputed 2-year-old champion, Steve Wilton's Top Knight, has failed to show mastery over the fields he has faced at Hialeah. He may again be the champ, but he will not be undisputed. And a final reason is that at least two of the colts tackling the middle-distance races in California—Tell and Majestic Prince (51, Feb. 17)—are also beginning to look like classic horses. All of this adds up to the kind of stimulating competition to be expected from a good-size crop with exceptional talent. There probably is more depth to the Florida contingent, but a more accurate estimate of the Californians can be made as they get closer to the Santa Anita Derby the end of this month.

Eddie Neloy, who trains all those champions and near-champions for the Phipps family, was well aware of the growing strength of the opposition as he walked down his Hialeah shedrow last Thursday morning. The afternoon before he had watched the strong Phipps entry of Beau Brummel, last year's Garden State winner, and King of the Cuckoo finish eighth and seventh in the 12-

horse Everglades field. He looked at his two handsome bay colts and groaned. "They certainly shouldn't be tired," he said. "They didn't do any running."

The one who deserved to be tired was Arts and Letters, who ran the best race of his life to whip favored Top Knight by three lengths. "One race doesn't make a horse," said his trainer, Elliott Burch, "but so far he's measuring up." He surely did last week. Under a fine ride by 29-year-old French jockey Jean Crugnet, Arts and Letters withstood a drive from the three-quarter pole and easily conquered last year's juvenile champion. However, he was in the Everglades at 112 pounds, 10 pounds less than Top Knight. In the Flamingo he will have to prove his superiority with all horses carrying 122.

The early pace in the Everglades was cut out by Distinctive, Ack Ack and Curlette. Top Knight was just behind them, while Arts and Letters lay back in the middle of the pack with Beau Brummel, who, many thought, was really the horse to beat. King of the Cuckoo, who had shown so much promise in his first two starts at Hialeah, was roughed up a little going into the first turn and was last for most of the early running.

Crugnet started moving with Arts and Letters on the final turn, and by the time they reached the eighth pole they were three in front—and there to stay. Top Knight, no question about it, was dead tired at the finish. Next week, when he won't be forced to give away weight to any of his rivals, he should be much tougher to beat.

Almost blacked out by the excellent performance of Arts and Letters and the dismal showing of the Phipps entry

was the run turned in by Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs' Rule of Reason. A son of Hall to Reason and Lysistrata and thus a half-brother to 1967 Flamingo winner Reflected Glory, he came with a tremendous rush from last place to finish fifth. In another couple of sprints he would have been third.

For the moment, however, the "big horse" at Hialeah is in Elliott Burch's barn. Arts and Letters is by the undefeated Italian champion Ribot and the Battlefield mare All Beautiful, who was carrying him when she was sold to Paul Mellon for \$175,000 at the duPont dispersal sale on Valentine's Day of 1966.

Burch describes his chestnut as "blocky, but at 15 hands, three inches and 1,050 pounds, not too big by any means. He has clean legs, a good shoulder and a good head, which he often carries slightly turned out when he runs." Ribot himself and many of his offspring had a tendency to run with their heads carried very low. As a 2-year-old Arts and Letters won only two of six races but was bothered by some stiff trouble and had other excuses for a few of his losing races. "He has brilliant speed," says Burch, and suggests that it may come from Battlefield, who was out of the champion race mare Paris.

E. P. Taylor's undefeated Viceregal—eight for eight in Canada last year—has had a slow recovery from cannon bone injuries but may be back in time for the Florida Derby at Gulfstream on March 29. His owner believes he could be as good as his sire, Derby and Preakness winner Northern Dancer. If so, all these early flashes had better watch out when the parade moves on to Keeneland and Churchill Downs.

The day before the Everglades, and 3,000 miles away at Santa Anita, they ran off the 31st Santa Catalina Stakes at a mile and a sixteenth, and it was won with comparative ease by Robert Hibbert's Inverness Drive. It was the first stakes victory (and 458th of his career) for jockey Bill Shoemaker since a broken leg forced him into a 13-month layup. Since the event is designed to give late-developing horses a chance to run at equal weights, and is therefore limited to horses who have never won first money of \$10,000, it usually produces some pretty even competition.

That is also the reason the field did not include Majestic Prince, so it is difficult to tell how good Inverness Drive really is. Still, now that he has won at a distance, he must be ranked among the three or four best colts racing in California. His breeding indicates that he is capable of handling the middle distances with no trouble. But when it comes to the mile-and-an-eighth Santa Anita Derby, he may have problems. His sire, Crozier, is hard-hitting and game as he was, couldn't quite hold off Carry Back over the longer events. The colt whose breeding qualifies him for this is Tell, a son of Round Table and a Nasrullah mare named Nas-Mahal. "He is a bit stronger and longer than most Round Tables," says Charlie Whittingham, who trains both Tell and Makor for Howard B. Keek. "Tell is an even 16 hands

and has a lot of that Nasrullah fire in him without being mean. I really think this colt has a future. Most Round Tables—like Advocate, Knightly Manner and He's A Smoothie—improved as the year went on."

Tell won one of two starts last season, and his record is the same this year, so nobody can accuse Whittingham of overracing his big bay. "Most 3-year-olds are rushed along at this time of year," he says, "because people are trying to make a Derby horse at all costs. The rains we have had in Los Angeles this winter—the worst in 32 years—have held up the crop by two weeks or more. But for some of them who are trying to get to the Santa Anita Derby this may be a blessing in disguise. I might start Tell once more before our Derby, in the March 15th San Felipe, or I might

run him in the Derby without giving him another race first."

If the Los Angeles weather ever clears up long enough to give Santa Anita a few weeks of fast tracks, the capabilities of a number of other colts can be judged. Many have had to do practically all of their winter racing in slop or mud, which can infuriate or discourage horses, no matter how stout of heart they may be.

Included as this group are Larceny Kid, Fleet the Ruler, Fleet Allied, Governors Party, Might, Capacitator, Right Cross, Mr. Joe F. and Concerned. None appears ready to beat Majestic Prince or Tell, but a lot can happen in a month. And in two months this whole bunch—the best of Santa Anita, Hialeah, Gulfstream and Aqueduct—will head for Kentucky. The interval should be mighty lively indeed.

END



Earn pricked on his fire head. Arts and Letters surveys the winner's circle following the Everglades as Jean Crigwell prepares to dismount.

PSYCHED UP, NOT SHAVED DOWN

The Yale swimming team was peaking for Stanford, but John Nelson's mustache and Robin Waples' sideburns stayed. What went were the Indians as Yale reestablished itself as a major force by WILLIAM F. REED JR.

Round the table down at Moory's, and everywhere else Yale men are supposed to gather, there was a great deal of undue consternation when The Don Schollander Era ended. Undue because Yale still has a foxy coach and a truly unnerving, even eerie, pool. And undue because cool, mustachioed John Nelson, who once stolidly plowed along in Schollander's wake, has more staying power than *The Whiffenpoof Song*. Said Nelson, "As a matter of fact, I'm irritated about the idea that we won't be able to get along without Schollander."

Happily for Yale, Nelson worked out his irritation at the right place, the Kap-huth Exhibition Pool, and at the right time, last weekend, when Yale swam against Stanford at New Haven. He used strategy to win the 1,000-yard freestyle (in 9:49.2, breaking his own Yale and pool record by a full 14 seconds), pulling out with astonishing speed early in the race, and he simply wore out the field in the 500. Following his lead, Yale upset Stanford 71-42 and, incidentally, accomplished something it never could during The Era. It reestablished itself as a real dual-meet power. "I'm delighted," said Yale Coach Phil Moriarty.

Of course, the Yalies had won their first 10 dual meets this season, to run their winning streak to 47, but this was generally deprecated because, after all, who did they beat? Springfield? Monmouth? Stanford, however, was something else. Less than a week before coming to New Haven, where at least one Stanford swimmer got his very first look at snow, the Indians had defeated USC 57-56 to end the nation's longest dual-meet win streak at 108. This turn of events was almost cause enough to wish that Schollander was back in Yale trunks, even with the slight pot he has developed since quitting swimming and marrying a girl who is, by his own admission, "a great cook."

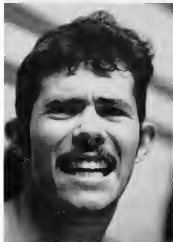
But no matter who won the meet, Stanford's very presence in New Haven was momentous. It was one of the rare occasions when a swimming team had flown from one coast to another for a little old dual meet. "This is the greatest thing that ever happened to Yale swimming," said Schollander, who, having missed two semesters due to the '64 and '68 Olympics, is finishing up his undergraduate studies at Yale and commuting twice weekly to New York, where he works for Eastman

Dillon, the brokerage firm. "Swimming has progressed to where it is a Western sport, and all the big dual meets have been out there. Getting a Western school to come here is a great thing. It might start a whole new trend." If Stanford had known the direction of the trend, it might have stood in Palo Alto.

Moriarty, who has, more or less, been coaching at Yale since he graduated from Hillhouse High in 1932, had been pointing for Stanford all season long. The heck with Princeton and Harvard. Yale wanted Stanford. And the coach's easiest psych job by far was on his captain, Robin Waples, who grew up across the street from the Stanford campus. At Yale's last workout Moriarty told his team, "I think you're the greatest club in the world." As events proved, the swimmers believed him.

Stanford, however, was still savoring the unexpected USC win and couldn't get excited about Yale. "We haven't been up all week," said Olympian Brent Berk, who was supposed to match Nelson stroke for stroke. "We didn't start thinking about this meet until the night before." This attitude obviously concerned Stanford's coach, Jim Gaughran. "Coming off that Southern Cal meet," he said, "which we had been shooting for, I hope we can come up with another like it. I think it'll be a very close meet, unless the landslide starts and the crowd gets behind them."

Each team boasted three Olympians. Stanford had John Ferris, who got a bronze in the 200-meter individual medley in Mexico City, Berk and Luis Nicolson, who swam the 200-meter free for Argentina. Yale had David Johnson, who swims the IM, breastroker Phil Long and, of course, Nelson, who earned a silver medal in the 1,500 at Tokyo and a gold and a bronze at Mexico City.



Magnificently mustachioed John Nelson won the 1,000 and the 500 for the underdog Elie

It was a worthy group and nothing annoyed Moriarty quite so much before the meet as talk about Schollander and what great swimmers each team had lost. "It's not right to talk about what you don't have," he said. "It's what you have that counts." And what Yale had, or what Moriarty really thought it had, was a team that was perhaps only good enough to carry Stanford down to the 4 x 100 relay—the final event.

As soon as the meet began, it was obvious that Yale was going to get a great psychological lift from the capacity crowd of 2,500. The Yale pool is down in the depths of the Payne Whitney Gym, which is known as the Temple of Sweat. It is dark, preternatural and as steep as an operating theater—13 tiers of seats rise almost vertically and the great roar of the crowd seems to push straight down into the water. Thus, plainly, is good if you're a Yale man, unsettling if you're not. After the first event, the 400-yard medley relay, in which the Yale team of Ed Bettendorf, Allen Richardson, Waples and Stephen Job broke the American record with a 3:28.6 clocking, the din was so terrible that Ferris said later, "I gave up right then."

Indeed, as Gaughran had feared, that startling victory in the medley started the landslide, or, more accurately, the waterfall. Subsequently, Ferris got wiped out twice—by David Johnson, who set a Yale record (1:56.7) in the 200 IM, and by Paul Katz, who went to Seward Park High School on New York's Lower East Side, not exactly a hotbed of swimming. "I was a little surprised that Ferris gave way like he did," said Katz, who set a Yale record (1:34.2) in the 200 butterfly, "but I took over and the crowd carried me from there. The noise was amazing. I've never experienced anything like that."

Still, the most impressive victories belonged to Nelson, a biology major, whose mustache and outstanding ears are reminiscent of Clark Gable's. Nelson is also a photographer for *The Yale Daily News*. "They sent me out to get a nude," he said after the meet. "Then they were too chicken to run it. That's depressing."

Nelson was far from depressed following his victories. In fact, he was conspicuously elated, thrashing around in



Splendidly shorned Yale Captain Robin Waples swam a medley-relay leg and won the 50.

the water, flipping thumbs-up and victory signs to the crowd. "I knew I'd win the 500 after I won the 1,000," he said. "I really felt Brent would be down. I guess it's a stupid thing to say, but I was confident."

Yale's victory was so complete that Stanford won only one swimming event—Nicolao in the 200 free, once Schollander's domain. Lest this revive any doubts about the team's prowess without Schollander, Yale settled accounts once and for all in the 4 x 100, formerly a sure thing with Schollander swimming anchor. His replacement, Steve Job, swam a stunning 45.2, and Yale came home in 3:07.6, 3½ seconds off its national record.

And, as in big-time sports, the crowd chanted, "We're No 1," and Gaughran, shaking Moriarty's hand, said, "I believe it." Of course, Stanford hasn't begun to tap its potential. 11 of the swimmers who came to New Haven are sophomores. "We're used to swimming a lot of dual meets," said Gaughran, "but not against a team ready for a national championship. They were peaked and shaved down [except, most notably, for

Nelson's mustache and Waples' luxuriant sideburns] and ready. That crowd brings in that guy in fourth place to get third or second. They didn't let up anywhere. Well, now we'll have to try to outdo them in the national championship meets and hope we can be as ready as they were this time." Yale and Stanford, along with USC and Indiana, the defending champion, are expected to be the top teams in the NCAA's, which will be swam later this month in Indiana's pool. Next year, too, Stanford hopes to get back at Yale at Palo Alto. "Our schools are similar and so is our swimming and recruiting," said Gaughran. "We think this is a natural rivalry and we hope to keep it going."

One of the last revelers to leave the pool was Schollander. "This team has matured," he said, already sounding like an Old Blue. "They're very gutsy." Well, did he miss it? Really now, wouldn't he like to have been out there again? "I get excited about meets like this and I miss it then," Schollander said, "but not really. I swim too long, and I'm not willing to train like these guys have. Besides, I'm too fat."

END

ARARARARARARGH!

It rumbles like a sonic boom but it is simply the laugh of Vince Lombardi, who as the new coach of the Washington Redskins is gambling that he will never be exposed as merely mortal **by WILLIAM JOHNSON**



In Washington, D.C., that self-proclaimed world capital of cosmopolitanism and all-round cool, restaurant diners have taken to rising from their chairs to offer a reverent ruffling of applause upon the appearance in their midst of Vince Lombardi (see cover). They circle around and around his table, sometimes cadging autographs or reaching timidly for a handshake or simply drifting a small distance away to gaze. Grown men who would not glance at Mike Mansfield and would absolutely cross the street to avoid Strom Thurmond stand in their tracks on the street as Vince Lombardi strides by, gaping in wonder and joy that the man actually exists. There is even some doubt that all 10 dozen reporters attending Vince's first press conference as boss of the Washington Redskins actually believed his opening disclaimer: "Gentlemen, it is not true that I can walk across the Potomac River—not even when it is frozen."

Now that he has transcended the offices of the Green Bay Packers on Lombardi Avenue (which was named for him) for the Redskins' digs on L Street (which was not), Vince Lombardi has been treated as if he were some kind of home-rule Moses. Of course, he is no stranger to blind adoration: in Green Bay he was widely known as St. Vincent. Recently, when he was asked how he liked his tyrophanic reception in the capital, his reaction was vintage St. Vincent. His eyes lit up—a thousand suns of candlepower and white heat blazing behind those thick spectacles (which just *might* be made of bulletproof glass). His face split into that enormous grin—all wholesome glee and glittering inlays. And he spoke in that voice which resonates somewhere between a bear's growl and a string of small firecrackers: "What the hell's a Messiah to expect?" he said. Then he laughed—another unbelievable sound that rumbles like thunder from beyond the moon and has been put down in print as "Aaaaaaawwrrrrrrr!"

Vince Lombardi knows full well that, however rich the idolatry may be now, his reputation as America's leading Success Symbol and Dean of Champions is on the line in Washington. Insisting that he is spurred less by profit motives than

by internal compulsion, he passes off his \$100,000 salary and his \$500,000 worth of Redskin stock by saying, "I don't need the money. Money I've got. I need to coach!" So he has come out of his own personal purgatory—retirement at Green Bay, where last year he general-managed only and did no coaching at all. He has brought himself—look, stock and legend—to accept full responsibility for the Washington Redskins, a fun-loving group that last won an NFL championship in 1942, has a dismal record of 126-190-15 since then and turned in an indifferent 5-9 performance last year. It is in this lukewarm crucible that Lombardi has chosen to have his legend tempered for the future. To add sardony to that dubious decision, he coolly promises, "We're going to have a winner the first year!"

So in Washington he makes his stand: the miracle American who symbolizes—no, epitomizes—the advent of the Golden Millennium of Professional Football, the dashing commander of Sunday's mighty swashbuckle and exquisite mayhem, as well as the buttoned-down master of Monday's cool business of putting black ink in the books, Brooklyn-born Italo-American, who is able to fulfill both the purest and the most commercial of Anglo-Saxon dreams, the accumulation of trophies on the playing field and of money in the countinghouse. And all those folk heroes will be up for grabs with the Redskins—to be distorted, disfigured, diminished if he loses. But if he wins he will achieve actual deity at an early age.

Vince Lombardi is a genuinely loquacious man, open and surprisingly ingenious and perhaps constitutionally incapable of being anything greatly different from what he says, shows or seems to be on the surface. A few days ago, shortly after he had accepted the Redskin job, he sat in one of the team offices at L Street and Connecticut Avenue and talked for hours about his past, present and future.

First, there was this thing about the Lombardi Legend. Oddly enough, it seemed to baffle him. "Legend? Well, yeah, I suppose I thought about my legend before I came here," he growled. He scratched his head. He stared fixed-

ly at the floor. He ducked his chin down toward his necktie. He was silent. Given all the horror stories about Vince Lombardi, the volcanic martinet who reduces monsters to mice, it was hard to believe—but there he sat, simply being bashful about being a legend. "Damn it," he finally burst out, "dammit. I'm not a legend, because I don't want to be a legend. One main reason I came back to coaching is that I didn't want to be regarded as a legend. Because once, it's embarrassing as the devil, and two, you have to be Halas to be a legend. George Halas is 74 years old and he's done something for the game. I'm too young to be a legend."

Well, Vince is 55. But geriatrics, semantics and esthetics aside, there isn't much room for argument about the Lombardi Legend in terms of history or statistics. In 1959 he began his role as Emperor of the Green Bay Packers ("Yeah, it had to be autonomy, a one-man deal or it wouldn't've worked at all"). At that time he was a ripe 46 years old and had not had a head coaching job since 1947 when he left St. Cecilia High School in Englewood, N.J. When he arrived, the Green Bay franchise was moribund, approximately bankrupt, and the year before Lombardi the Packers had compiled a dismal 1-10-1 record. The only feasible legend in the region was the amount of booze consumed in the town's 194 bars. So St. Vincent simply won the NFL's Western Conference title in 1960, lost the playoff, then won NFL championships in 1961, 1962, 1965, 1966 and 1967, plus Super Bowl jackpots in his last two years. In a scant nine years as a head coach, Lombardi had a 141-39-4 record, filled up the stadium to the rim every game and made enough money for the team so he could have lined the Packer lockers with gold. To add to all that messianic mystique, last year—the one season Lombardi was not coaching—the Packers were instantly transformed into mere mortals (although they would have grown old with Vince, too) and wound up 6-7-1.

Now, when Vince Lombardi tried to explain the phenomenon of his success at Green Bay, he began in a brisk, nonsense tone: "I'm not an overly modest man. Sure, I'm humble, but I've never

continued

been overly modest. What happened isn't so hard to explain." Then he hesitated, cleared his throat and started again, "Now a good coach is a good coach. Right? If you take all 26 coaches in pro football and look at their football knowledge, you'd find almost no difference. So if the knowledge isn't different, what's different? The coach's personality. See?" He paused, then laughed—*oratoratorator!*—and said, "Now how am I supposed to explain my own personality? What am I supposed to say? That I'm a great leader? A mental powerhouse? That I've got *charisma*?"

He chuckled and then began squeezing his hands together, steadily and with what looked like great pressure. Then he shut his eyes tightly and said, "You cannot be successful in football—or in any organization—unless you have people who bend to your personality. They must bend or already be molded to your personality. See, my Redskin coaches—Sam Huff, Bill Austin, Harland Sware and Lew Carpenter—were with me before, either at the Packers or back when I was an assistant with the Giants. Look, I know damned well I can't coach all 640 players in the league. I'm only one man. I can only be that one man and

I've got to have men who bend to me."

All the time he talked, Vince kept squeezing and twisting his hands, as if he were bending someone right there. But even when he is physically still, Lombardi's intensity is a phenomenon to behold. In leisurely conversation he seems constantly to be willfully exerting the force of his personality—on himself, on anyone near him, on the humming flow of traffic outside the window on Connecticut Avenue, maybe on the universe. It is almost like a religious act of Zen discipline. He exerts his personality not so much to control things as to keep himself taut, conditioned, perfectly disciplined. It is a kind of isometric exercise of the will—or perhaps of the soul. But the awareness of Lombardi's will, of the nearly physical intensity of his ego, never quite disappears when one is in his presence.

Despite (or perhaps because of) that almost supernatural tension, Vince Lombardi is a curiously simplistic man, a combined product of the Puritan ethic, a Catholic boyhood, a belief in two-fisted American salesmanship and the Knute Rockne school of evangelism. All these things are mixed up in his life style and in the regimen around his teams. For example: "I believe a man should

be on time—not a minute late, not 10 seconds late—but on time for things. I believe that a man who's late for meetings or for the bus won't run his pass routes right. He'll be sloppy." Or: "I like to come up with a thought that isn't just football at least once a week. Once, in Green Bay, I know I started talking on the theme that the Lord gave us certain talents, and if we don't use those talents to their fullest, we're cheating—cheating on the Lord and cheating on ourselves. I bet I talked 15, 20 minutes on that subject." Or: "I never tell a football team anything that I don't absolutely believe myself. I always tell them the truth. I can't even try to deceive them because I know they'd know. I'd know, so they'd know."

Vince Lombardi is not fooling himself—not about himself—for, as he said, with a mild and slightly sheepish grin, "A lot of what I say sounds corny out of context. I know. It's better in the heat of the moment. But it is me. Hell, I'm an emotional man. I cry. I cried when we won the Super Bowl and I cried when I left Green Bay, now I'm not ashamed of crying. Football's an emotional game. You can't be a cold fish and go out and coach. If you're going to be involved in it, you gotta take your emotions with you, mister."

In Lombardi's words there is the constant ring of personal compulsion, of a consuming commitment to pro football and its players and its whole high-voltage atmosphere. Lombardi's own version of why he quit coaching in January 1968, after a third straight NFL title and back-to-back Super Bowl victories, offers an insight into the weird and unexpected pressure a man encounters at a pinnacle of success. "When I quit," said Lombardi, "I knew I'd never be back coaching. I knew I wouldn't be able to take it again. The pressures were so horrible. You know, the pressure of losing is bad, awful, because it kills you eventually. But the pressure of winning is worse, infinitely worse, because it keeps on torturing you and torturing you and torturing you. At Green Bay, I was winning one championship after another, after another, after another. I couldn't take it, because I blamed myself, damned myself whenever they lost a game. I couldn't ever forgive myself for a loss, because I felt I'd let them down. I felt I wouldn't be able to raise myself to the right pitch for the big games

continued



THIS 1968 REDSKIN "HELP WANTED" AD GOT UNEXPECTEDLY GRATIFYING RESULTS

*Dedicated to the proposition
that all beers are
not created equal...*



Michelob Beer. Since 1896

In beer, going first class is MICHELOB. Period.



JACK NICKLAUS BLAZER

Colorful new favorite
with DACRON®



Leave it to Jack Nicklaus, one of America's most colorful golfers, to choose this new Sterling & Hunt blazer as his favorite. The unique basketweave of 50% Dacron® polyester and 50% wool resists wrinkles, keeps the blazer trimly in shape. 18 fairway-favorite colors. With patterned or plain slacks color-blended for each blazer.

**Sterling
& Hunt**

NEW YORK LONDON CHICAGO

Sterling & Hunt sport coats \$79 to \$160. Suits from \$116 to \$175 at some outlets. Fine shirts, 5 to \$10. Indianapolis • BLAKE S., Michigan City • CARSON FINE SCOT & CO., Chicago & Peoria • DANFORTH, Atlanta & Augusta • THE DRYER, Denver • DEY BROTHERS, Syracuse • DONALDSON'S, Minneapolis & St. Paul • D. H. HUNTER, New Orleans & Baton Rouge • HOBSON-ALLIE, Raleigh • JONES S., Houston • MAAS BROTHERS, Florida • McPATRICK'S, Omaha • MARLEY & CARR, Cincinnati • MACY'S, New York • PAUL S., Dayton • THURMOND'S, Richmond • BOH MARCHE, Seattle, Tacoma & Spokane • REIS & FRANK, Portland & Salem • ROSENBERG'S, Des Moines • RALPH BROWN, Milwaukee • R. L. COE, Ft. Worth • KRAFTS, Lansing • SCHREIBER'S, Austin • BRICK'S, Kansas City, Topeka & Joplin • L. H. HERRINGHOUSE COMPANY, Roanoke • NEWMAN'S, Naples, Fla. • WALDOFF'S, Walla Walla • THE PALACE, Monroe, La. • PARHAM INC., Birmingham • BOB TOM, Allentown, Pa. • BOH MARCHE, Boise & Ogden • HIRSHFELD'S, Grand Rapids • LOWMAN'S, Montgomery • POMEROY'S, INC., Harrisburg • CARLISLE ALLEN, Ashland • REEDS, Springfield, Mo. • WOLFF & MARK, San Antonio • AUSTIN REID of Regent Street, London

*DuPont registered trademark

and then I wouldn't be able to raise them to their best effort. *I knew* I couldn't ever deceive them about it because they were an extension of my personality. So that's when I decided to get out of coaching." He paused, then smiled quizzically. "You know, if we'd just won every other title or if we'd even lost to Dallas either in '66 or '67, I'd still be at Green Bay. Forever."

The Lombardi Era at Green Bay ended in January 1968, a comet burned out by the heat of its own brilliance. Free of coaching tensions for the first time in 30 years, Vince found that he was "in seventh heaven; it was absolutely the best off season I'd ever had—yeah, until exactly July 15, the day they came back to start practice." On that day his retirement reverie was transformed abruptly into a nightmare, and even Vince Lombardi was startled at the extremity of the change. "My God, one minute I'm going to play golf that afternoon and the next thing I know I'm canceling the round. I find I can't stand to stay away from practice and I'm down there, trying to stay off to the side and kind of aloof, so I wouldn't be in the way. But I couldn't force myself to do anything but go down and watch practice. And, of course, I knew right then that I had made a horrible mistake by leaving coaching."

The 1968 season in Green Bay was a miasma of boredom, frustration and defeat, and Lombardi was a dangling man, desperately unhappy. He built himself a soundproof cell in the press box and closeted himself there during home games. "They said I raved a lot in there," he recalled. "Actually, I was very quiet. Very quiet." He went to "meeting after meeting after meeting" of the NFL owners' committee, which was involved in labor negotiations with the players, and that, he said, "absolutely saved my life during that horrible period." There was more than enough time to think, though, and he came to a rather surprising conclusion about why he wanted to return to coaching.

"What I missed most was—well, it wasn't the tension and the crowds and the game on Sunday. And it certainly wasn't the winning. And it wasn't the spotlight and all that. The fame. No, it wasn't. There's a great—a great *close-ness* on a football team, you know—a rapport between the men and the coach that's like no other sport. It's a binding

together, a knitting together. For me, it's like father and sons, and that's what I missed. I missed players coming up to me and saying, 'Coach, I need some help because my baby's sick' or, 'Mr. Lombardi, I want to talk to you about trouble I'm having with my wife.' That's what I missed most. The closeness."

In Lombardi's own terms this role of being more parent than employer, more father confessor than professional coach, is the essence of his career (which, perhaps, is the logical outgrowth of Lombardi's boyhood dream of being a priest). "Winning wouldn't be enough to get me back in the game," he said. "But it's how I feel when I hear that a Hornung or a Forrest Gregg or a Boyd Dowler is doing well. You never really let go of these guys, you know. I just heard the other day about a kid I used to coach in high school, I heard he's in trouble. I heard he's drinking, doing a lot of heavy drinking." Lombardi rubbed the three-diamond setting in his huge Super Bowl ring and he said, "It's corny and it'll sound awful in writing, but you just feel bad when you know you couldn't get through to a kid like that."

Now, of course, the immediate question is just how this unique personage of pure sentiment, furious determination and genius for success will stand the trip from his hale-and-hearty Valhalla village in Wisconsin to the sepid ambience of the Washington Redskins. To hear Lombardi talk, he would have preferred the home-town familiarity of Green Bay "if there'd been a graceful way to go back to coaching without murdering a lot of people." There wasn't, of course. Indeed, there really wasn't a very graceful way for Vince to get out of his five-year contract with the Packer organization, either. Nevertheless, Lombardi, who has an almost childlike ability, on occasion, to see the world precisely as he wants to see it, said, "It was important to me how I felt about leaving Green Bay, and I can truthfully say that if the board of directors had insisted on my staying, I would have—happily. They could have condemned me. But they didn't. They released me from my contract when I asked. They probably understood me better than I did myself." Suffice it to say that the Packer board of directors probably understood Lombardi well enough to know that sooner or later they would bend to his personality.

Given Lombardi's own Happy Ending version to the Green Bay episode of the saga, how does he feel about his new beginning in Washington? Absolutely transcendental. "Before I went to Green Bay, I'd had other offers in the '50s," he said. "I didn't take them, and I still don't know why. But when Green Bay came along—I knew—it was right! Now this time I've had other offers. [They were San Francisco last year, Boston, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.] But I didn't take any of them. No, I took Washington." He sat for a moment, musing, with a distant look in his eyes. Then swiftly he clapped himself on a shoulder, and his eyes blazed behind the glasses. "That's the way it was with Green Bay. And that's the way it was with Washington—as if the Lord's hand were on my shoulder and I *knew* which was the right thing to do."

Clearly, Lombardi has high hopes of turning the Redskins into another victory dynasty like the Packers—someday. "When I say a winner this year, I don't necessarily mean a championship," he said. But he is not pessimistic and he is already designing the Lombardi strategy—and possibly praying for the Lombardi magic to reappear in Washington. "Jurgensen is a helluva passer, and that Charley Taylor is one of the best in the league. I want to take a close look at Gary Belton, too. I'm not sure things have been handled just right down here." Still, no matter whose hand is on Vince's shoulder, the chances of instant success at La Green Bay probably are not terribly bright.

Yet Vincent Thomas Lombardi is a man for his time—and, certainly, a man for his place. For years Washington's appetite for idealism and its appreciation of romance have been starved on a diet of platitudes, bombast and forked-tongue aphorism as dished out by Washington's ruling-class population of politicians, bureaucrats and the captains of vested interests. A few good *Arasaratnangul* can only be counted as a welcome sound in such an environment.

Washington cannot be faulted for its posture of genial affection upon the arrival of a man carrying a full-fledged legend on his shoulders. And whether Vince Lombardi can keep his legend alive is probably less important than the fact that he is a very happy man to be able to lay it on the line again. **END**

YES! BERT IS IN— WITH GO POWER

Bert Lancaster (right) is famous for peddling Fords, but now he's got to sell the AAU indoor track meet

by ROY BLOUNT JR.





There are 10 different reasons why this story is unique," says Wilbert C. Lancaster Jr. of Philadelphia, hyperbolically, over one of the four phones on which he takes an average of 110 calls a day. "For one thing," he notes, "I'm a young colored fella."

Lancaster resembles the late Martin Luther King but has a Jaycee tone of voice, is a Republican because of taxes and believes that Harry Edwards, the Black activist, thinks he is an Uncle Tom. Edwards has given him that impression, without actually using the epithet, during the two or three telephone conversations they have had (Lancaster helped out during Edwards' boycott of the New York Athletic Club meet at Madison Square Garden last year by finding beds for five nonparticipating athletes, but he spoke out against the proposed Olympic boycott). Lancaster's own brother, who does race relations work for the Philadelphia school system, has suggested that Bert isn't all black ("Do you know the word 'Oreo'?" Oliver Lancaster asks lightly. "That's somebody who's black on the outside and white on the inside.") But Oliver Lancaster never sold 72 Ford cars and trucks in a month, and Harry Edwards never put on a track meet.

Lancaster is promoting the 1969 National AAU Indoor Track and Field Championships, which will be held in the Spectrum this Saturday. He is, as a matter of fact, the first Negro ever to promote a national championship track meet (Ed Conwell, the former 60-yard-dash record holder, was appointed director of the 1958 national decathlon

championships, but became ill) and probably the first to stage a major integrated sports event. And promoting a track meet in our society requires relations with white people (the AAU, for instance, has no Negro officers) as well as, to use one of Lancaster's favorite terms, "go power."

Lancaster, 40-year-old sales manager and former supersalesman for Koellie-Greenwood Ford in Germantown, Pa. (in whose showroom a sign, visible from the street, reads "Yes! Bert Is In" when he is), superintendent of the Providence Baptist Church Sunday school and former All-America in the 220-yard dash at Penn State, says, "I always seem to do a lot for people. Then I ask them to help me later."

Indeed, he spends a good deal of his time fixing things up for people he knows. He runs black and white neighborhood kids up and down the street and urges the swift to go out for track. He has seen that hundreds of underprivileged athletes around Philadelphia got to track meets and back home, and he is a demon at scratching up jobs for kids who need them. "He'll call people and say, 'You need seven helpers this summer?'" says a former secretary, "and they'll say no they don't, and they'll end up with seven helpers that summer." Lancaster does what he can to raise the general level of black employment, too. Often, upon entering a white acquaintance's place of business and noting a dearth of Negro workers, he has remarked, presumably in his best Jaycee accent, "You got a real shortage of soul people in

roomed

here, haven't you?" The next time he pops in the shortage has been alleviated.

Lancaster is also president and angel (contributing some \$5,000 a year) of the largely black Philadelphia Pioneers Track Club, which is coached by Soul Brother Alex Woodley, and he has run its modest outdoor meet for the past 11 years. He often raises or contributes the money a promising student needs to stay in college—even though several have disillusioned him upon graduation by buying Chevrolets. But he says, "I won't have anybody with me who doesn't have go power." Or who doesn't look neat and keep his hair cut (he says he doesn't disapprove of an Afro if it's not too long). Lancaster takes great pride in the Pioneers' being invited to the first Dogwood Relays in Knoxville, and he thinks the team was singled out because the runners look so clean cut.

Last year Lancaster told the Pioneers that if they wanted to boycott the Olympics after all the time and money he had devoted to giving them a chance to make the U.S. team, then the Pioneers could do without him. He thinks, in retrospect, that this stance may have had something to do with his being offered the general chairmanship of the Middle Atlantic AAU track and field committee. "There had never been any soul people on the job," he says. "There had been some qualified, but nobody ever asked them."

When he took over he found that none of the committee members had been filing the prescribed reports. "From no reports," he says, "we went to an inch and a half of reports every month." More significantly, he made up his mind that the National Indoors ought to be held in Philadelphia. It had been staged in New York until 1966, when it went to Albuquerque, and Oakland had it in '67 and '68.

"Nobody else had ever thought about it," Lancaster says, and that is understandable. Track has drawn badly in the Civic Center Convention Hall, which has a 12-lap track, and the Spectrum has no track at all. Moreover, the city's AAU-affiliated clubs, the Pioneers and the Penn AC, are not affluent enough to underwrite the meet. But, as Lancaster is fond of saying, "I don't want to hear about why something can't be done." Jim Tuppenny, Penn's track coach, told him the 11-lap board track in Bal-

timore's Civic Center could be imported, and Lancaster hadn't been selling thousands of automobiles for 13 years without building up a little capital of his own. Two months after he took his Middle Atlantic office, a Philadelphia delegation was in New Orleans at the national AAU convention bent on getting the Nationals. As it happened, he says, "Nobody else much wanted them. We bid \$22,500 and our bid was high enough to bring the meet back East."

That is, the Philadelphians agreed to pay the AAU that sum for the right to put on the meet and to deliver a field of athletes (many of the most renowned, however, have had to be personally recruited by Lancaster and his co-workers). Out of the \$22,500, the AAU pays the athletes' travel expenses and \$25 per diem allowances. The other basic expense was \$8,500 for the use of the Spectrum. Lancaster assumed liability for \$29,000 of the \$31,000, and the Penn AC took on the rest. Ordinarily, such funds are put up by track clubs, which then promote the meets (the NYAC played this role when the National Indoors was held in New York). Lancaster put up his own money, some of which is in real estate and some of which he has been saving to buy a Ford dealership. He also provided \$8,000 in operating cash; the Penn AC shelled out \$500. There will also be some \$12,000 in expenses above the \$31,000 base cost, and Lancaster figures it will take an attendance of 8,500 (with a \$6.50 top), which would be a record for an indoor meet in Philadelphia, to break even. Half of any profit will go to the AAU, the other half will go to Lancaster and the Penn AC at the ratio of 29 to 2.

Officially, Lancaster and Penn AC Track Coach Tom Sander, his successor as Middle Atlantic track and field committee chairman, are co-directors of the meet. Sander has offered to sponsor Lancaster for membership in the Penn AC—which, like the NYAC, has never accepted a Negro—but Bert does not appear to be too excited. He is gratified, however, by Sander's having recently written to the Ford Motor Company on Penn AC stationery, saying it better give Lancaster a dealership. "How about that?" he says. "The guy has flashes of brilliance." But their relations as meet co-directors are tenuous. The workers Lancaster has brought into the enterprise

complain that Sander "pushed himself in" and that he keeps calling ill-timed and ill-attended press conferences. Sander himself refers specifically and blandly to "internal conflicts." Lancaster points out that whatever Sander's title may be, all the contracts and checks are signed "Bert Lancaster."

Furthermore, most of the operation's go power stems from Bert, and from what might be called his Black Mafia. These associates are a diverse and congenial group. Assistant Meet Director Charles Paul Hammon, 27, got his start in track in high school with the Pioneers and went on to Villanova as a high hurdler. He subsequently graduated from Howard University Law School and worked in the civil rights division of the Justice Department with John Doar and Robert Kennedy. He is now a lawyer and a budding political figure in Philadelphia, with ties to black politicians elsewhere, including Atlanta's Julian Bond. Ed Young, 47, the staff expert on printing programs and posters, is a construction engineer for the city. Young enjoys ribbing Lancaster. "No," says Bert, when asked whether he does any coaching, "but I may take some of the boys aside before a meet and psych them up a little." "And sell them a car," says Young. Emanuel (Tiny) Taylor is a railroad employee of some 350 pounds, who helped Lancaster get started in track and now makes himself available whenever somebody needs a ride to a meet. Skag Cotman, known as "the mayor of Norristown," is a 5'4" fund raiser ("the best collection man in the world," says Lancaster) who is selling program ads and will help supervise the installation of the track. Of course, Lancaster has white help, too, including his invaluable meet administrator, John Scott. "We've got some of the finest wires around," says Lancaster.

The meet's finance committee operates out of Hammon's law office. Which means that Marge Lopus, who used to be Bert's secretary at Koelle-Greenwood (and is white), has been given space there to type and to track down businessmen who might be persuaded to lend support. "When Marge gets on the phone," says Lancaster, "there's no not getting them." She recently got an American Air Lines executive out of a swimming pool in Costa Mesa, Calif. after chasing him across the country by telephone

continued

Oldsmobile recreates a scene from the classic movie.

GM

Model 913 V-6 135 HP



Captivating: The sporting luxury of the 1969 Toronado.

Who says a luxury car can't swing a little? Certainly not Olds Toronado. It gives elegant lines and plush interiors a swagger all their own.

And Toronado's unique front-wheel-driving action brings un-

canny precision to handling. It responds instantly. Smoothly. Youngmobile thinking for men and women who love to drive.

Try Toronado's sporting luxury at your Olds dealer's soon. **Escape from the ordinary.**



You can't wear with every



Black socks are terrific.
But if you're a more colorful
type, you want your socks to

match the rest of you.
Which is why we make
Esquire Socks' Downy Touch

black socks thing



The Giant Sock is a registered trademark of Greenfield Company and used with permission of Greenfield Company.

in sixty-one different colors.

Sixty-one colors in soft, plush
75% Orlon®, 25% Expando nylon.

That's a lot of colors.

Enough to make anybody
very big in socks.

Esquire Socks® Downy Touch®. Still only \$1.50.

Also in boys' sizes \$1.00.

Available in Canada

Set your bourbon standards high.



© 1988 HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL —86 PROOF

Ten High



Discover why so many people enjoy Ten High, a true Bourbon of acknowledged quality and character. Sip it slow and easy. Think of the welcome price, too. It'll certainly add to your pleasure.

for two days. The contributions—tax-deductible checks made out to the AAU—will go toward paying as much of the \$22,500 as possible.

Lancaster has no delusions about making money on the Indors. No one has ever got rich promoting track meets. Lancaster says he was asked to join one of the professional track ventures, but his ambition is to be a Ford dealer. Other companies have asked him to be the first Negro automobile dealer, and Ford has offered him dealerships in other cities, but he is holding out for one in Philadelphia, where he was brought up and where he lives in a fine, big old house in an integrated part of Germantown with his wife and three daughters and, gradually, more and more Negro neighbors.

In 1961, by which time Lancaster was making \$22,000 a year as one of the top Ford salesmen in the country, he was told that the automobile industry wasn't ready for a Negro sales manager, the second most important position in many agencies. So he quit the automobile industry. So Ford made him sales manager of a dealership in a posh, white Philadelphia suburb. In 1963, having proved he could manage, he went back to selling at Koelle-Greenwood. Last September, Henry Ford said on a television show that there were no Negro Ford dealers because no one was qualified. Lancaster called Henry Ford on the phone. He never got through to him, but he got his executive secretary out of a meeting and told him, "People all over the East are calling and asking me if I'm such a great salesman, why doesn't Henry Ford know about me." He added that "American Motors had me up to Detroit trying to get me to be a dealer, and Ford keeps putting me off." The executive secretary mollified him, assuring him that the company certainly had him in mind. Shortly thereafter Robert Koelle offered him the sales managership of Koelle-Greenwood.

The job meant taking a cut of about \$12,000 in income, because he no longer gets commissions, and ending his subsidy to the Pioneers, but he took it. Morale was down among the sales staff (conceivably because Bert had already sold everybody in Philadelphia a Ford), but Lancaster seems to be one of those men who like to keep proving that they can take things on. He has been making his

way through fairly rough going since he was 11, when he started helping out at the restaurant where his father was a cook. At Penn State, he recalls without any prodding, "I was in every honor society I was eligible for except one, and an officer in all but one of the ones I was in." He worked his way through school, waiting on tables in a fraternity house and even saved enough to put his brother through college. Meanwhile, he tied school records in the 100 (9.6) and the 220 (20.8) and anchored the mile relay. When he graduated in 1950 he found that the big medical schools he applied to had one-Negro-per-class quotas, and he wasn't the one. He was therefore drafted, and was the top trainee in every cycle he went through except Officer Candidate School. "I would have been No. 1 there, too, if I hadn't been a soul brother," he says, "and I don't claim prejudice unless I can prove it. I had only three demerits, and the average was 82." Lancaster volunteered for Korea, where he found that battalion commanders in the Combat Engineers could reject any officer they didn't want, and none of them wanted a soul brother. Undaunted, unrepentant ("I don't care what a man's opinions are," he says, "as long as he's convinced and he says the same thing all the time—some of these younger fellows don't like that"), he set about winning the confidence of a particular colonel. "I convinced him that soul people could work, and had things like integrity," Lancaster says. His second assignment from the colonel was to clear a path through a minefield under fire, for which he won the Bronze Star.

Lancaster liked the Army and feels that it helped form his character, but he wasn't ideally suited to certain aspects of it. He didn't like getting shot at for one thing, and for another he was the only man in the outfit who never took off for Rest and Recuperation. "They went to Tokyo," he says, "and it wasn't R and R, it was I—I—Intercourse and Inebriation." Lancaster was already married to his childhood sweetheart, whom he met and proposed to "several thousand times" while spending his summers with relatives in rural Virginia and who now, with Grace Kelly out of town, is probably as fine a natural beauty as there is in Philadelphia. And Bert doesn't drink.

After 2½ years he left the Army a first lieutenant and went back to Philadelphia to work as a civil engineer for the city. He has always been a car buff ("You give me any door handle and I can tell you what car it is"), and he was making only \$5,200 as a civil servant, so when one of the younger Koelles of Koelle-Greenwood, a friend from Penn State, insisted that Bert had the go power it took to sell cars, he went into private enterprise. Lancaster found that he could sell cars like mad—that is, to everyone but women under 40. "I went out and got the women's periodicals," he says. "You ever read *Cosmopolitan*? A wonderful magazine." And he learned, by "just relaxing and mentioning the style of shoes they had on and things," how to tap that market, too. Now, 13 years and several thousand sales later, working 64 hours a week (not counting the calls he gets on his two phones at home), Lancaster dominates Koelle-Greenwood. When he sent up the copy for his new business card it identified him as "general manager." That was rejected. He tried "general sales manager." That was rejected. So, not being too small a man for whimsy, he tried "lollipop sales manager," and that is the way he is identified on his card. "People just won't buy anything unless they see me in here," says Lancaster.

Not long ago, when he started getting letters from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Lancaster put off responding. "People are always asking me to do something for them," he explains. Then Hammock got wind of the letters, and now the newly formed corporation—Ber-Ham Enterprises, Inc.—is looking beyond the National Indors to the International Freedoms Games, to be held—and televised nationally by CBS—May 18 at Franklin Field as a memorial to Martin Luther King and as a benefit for the organization he left behind. Ber-Ham will get a flat promoter's fee. It will also promote an indoor meet for SCLC next winter. Then, Lancaster says, he will get out of track and concentrate on getting his dealership. "I've done what had to be done here," he says. "I've broken down the barriers."

The barriers?

"Yeah, in people's minds. Nobody thought they could put on a big indoor meet here in Philadelphia." **END**

A KNOCK-OUT BY A BRAIN-IN

A lot of light heavyweights hear about scholar Eddie Spence and figure he'd be a pushover. Eddie teaches psychology and he sings, acts and plays the piano. But he also slugs people silly **by PAT PUTNAM**

He's driving me up a wall," wailed Roger Sala, the fight manager out of Pittsfield, Mass. "When he climbs in a ring I don't know if he's gonna break out in an aria, recite Shakespeare or throw punches. One time I'm telling him something in the gym and he's not listening. Then he looks up and says, 'You know, Roger, I was just thinking that, whereas the Fechnerian argument makes sensory magnitude a logarithmic function of the stimulus magnitude, the newer methods of direct estimation indicate that it should be a power function— S equals kM^a , where k and a are con-

stants, for any particular sense modality.' I know that's what he said because I made him write it down."

"And later," said Edward James Spence III, who is paying his way toward a master's degree in psychology by raising lumps on other people's heads and was putting his manager on, "Roger asked me who the hell Fechnerian ever fought?"

For one, Fechnerian never fought Sixto Martinez, a tough graduate of the streets of San Juan. Spence knocked out Sixto inside of two rounds several weeks ago in North Adams, Mass. It was his

33rd victory in 39 pro fights and required only three smashing left hooks—one to the stomach followed by two to the head. After a second knockdown Referee Ed Bradley didn't bother to count. Spence may not be the most artistic of boxers, but then no one ever belittled Marciano for not fighting like, say, Sugar Ray Robinson. A month earlier Spence had scored a relatively easy 10-round decision in Portland over Pete Riccitelli, a strong journeyman Maine light heavyweight. Spence had him down four times. "You gotta understand," says Sala, "nobody knocks Pete off his feet."

"Eddie sure as heck doesn't look like a fighter," says Sam Silverman, the New England promoter. "Other fighters listen to him talk and they figure they've got a real pushover. I've got light heavyweights lined up for two blocks trying to get a shot at him."

As a fighter Spence looks more like a, well, a 26-year-old dean's-list scholar who is about to get his master's in psychology. A baby-faced scholar with a chest melting straight down into his stomach and sitting on a pair of swizzle sticks. Usually he carries black-and-blue marks under both eyes because he can be bruised by a cough, and that can be embarrassing, for at the moment he is rehearsing for the male lead in the play *The Knock*, which is scheduled to open in Pittsfield early next month. He is playing the role of Tolen, a highly sophisticated lover with a knack for collecting girl friends.

"Which is a paradoxical role for me," he says, "because I tend not to get too involved with women. Most of them aren't too bright. You explain your way of thinking to a lot of girls and they shut the door, you can't communicate with them. Sometimes I'm a terrible person. I find myself throwing them out of my house."

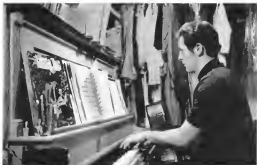
The house is a \$45-a-month seven-room farmhouse, just beyond the reach (and understanding) of Pittsfield, which he shares with Paul Barbeau, a ski instructor, and sometimes with Tommy

AFTER THREE OF SPENCE'S LEFT HOOKS MARTINEZ GOES DOWN FOR THE LAST TIME





IN 'THE KNACK,' HERE IN REHEARSAL, SPENCE PLAYS THE IRRESISTIBLE DON JUAN



HE STUDIES PIANO CHIEFLY TO ACCOMPANY HIS SINGING, DANCES FOR STAGE ROLES



Patti, a New York City artist, who painted the place in solid reds and greens and dark browns and blacks. Patti used Day-Glo paint in one room, then set the whole thing off under a flashing black light. Spence made him change it "It was blowing everybody's mind," Spence said "It was very pale and it made everybody look sick. I guess I'm the conservative type."

Except for a few close friends, Spence is a loner. His mother and father were divorced when he was very young, and he remembers himself as a lonely child, but not necessarily an unhappy one, with a great facility for opening soup cans. "And a facility for nothing else," he says. "In high school," says a former classmate, "Eddie was nothing, a big zero."

"I look upon myself as someone who was born when he was 17 years old," Spence says. "Before that my life was, well, nothing happened. Very dull. But I don't believe my early years have any effect upon my thinking or my actions now. I don't believe in Freud. I believe in the autonomous motivation of an adult. I look back upon my childhood and I understand it, therefore, I can dismiss it. Just because I react one way to a situation now doesn't mean I can't react another way to the same situation in the future."

The people of Pittsfield look upon Spence with a somewhat jaundiced eye. It is a small New England community—as exciting as a cemetery, says Spence—and those who choose to think for themselves are viewed with considerable suspicion. "Eddie won't accept theories," says Sala, who long ago gave up trying to stereotype his intellectual. "He demands facts. He likes to do his roadwork at night. I told him this was bad, that he should run in the morning. He likes to go to bed late. I told him that every hour before midnight was worth two after. He laughs at me. Oh, hell."

Spence's landlord, an 80-year-old ex-farmer, allows several people in town to use his land for dumping. Twice small boys have set the piles of trash on fire. And both times the local police have used the fires as an excuse to poke about the farmhouse. "I don't know what they are looking for," says Spence, who is amused by the whole thing, "but they won't find anything because there's nothing to find. I'm afraid I'm terribly straight."

continued

What they are looking for, said one policeman, are drugs and evidence of the orgies they suspect—through gossip—go on in the house night after night. "One day we'll catch them," said the policeman, "and then we'll have them. We know what they are doing."

How do you know?

"We know. We know. And that's a fact."

For a guy who is supposed to be running pot parties and a love nest, Spence comes on strongly as an old-fashioned square. Even his hair is cut fairly short, with just a few untamed wisps coming down over his collar in the back. His idea of a binge is two hours of sipping a whiskey sour and then leaving the glass three-quarters full. About once a month he smokes two cigars back to back, coughing only slightly when smoke sneaks into his lungs. When he's feeling really profane he might blast off a few darts.

"I respect him as an individual and as a person very interested in education and in becoming a teacher," said Frank Deane, the director of the summer and evening programs at Berkshire Community College, who recently hired Spence to teach a course in personality. "Several years ago he taught another psychology course for us and I thought he was very successful. The students certainly liked him. The spectrum of his interests makes him an exciting person to talk with."

Spence became a fighter when he was 17. He was a year out of high school and working as a soda jerk. Then one night he was out with a girl and something happened. Sala says two guys picked on Spence and that he took up boxing so he could return and bash his antagonists. Spence says the girl gave him the brush, and he took up boxing to punish himself.

"I always was self-punitive," he says. "I was always ready to place too much responsibility for whatever happened on myself. I know what Roger says, but that's not true. That wasn't my original impetus. But it's easier for him to accept—the all-American boy, winning back his girl's respect. My way takes more depth of understanding."

Either way, Spence walked into the YMCA and told Sala he wanted to fight for him on Friday night. That gave him two days to train. Under his arm he carried a copy of Nat Fleisheer's book,

How to Box. "Much too soon," said Sala. "But come back tomorrow and we'll start training you." Spence left. "I never figured I'd see him again," Sala says. "He was a tall kid, about 6' 1", but skinny. Only 142 pounds. [Now he's 6' 2" and 168 pounds.] But he came back. And he fought. He sure didn't have much when he started, just plenty of guts."

As an amateur Spence won 28 of 34. His first fight was against another novice, a kid named Darryl Kupec, who came out winging, if wild. Spence stood there for a moment, then threw a right hand. He broke Kupec's nose. They stopped the fight. "I was happy," Spence says, "but very confused."

Six months later Sala talked him into enrolling in Berkshire Community College in Pittsfield. "Boxing gave him confidence in himself, something he never had," said Sala. "When I met him his greatest ambition was to open his own soda joint. Boxing was the first thing he had ever done well, the first time he ever got any recognition."

"Actually, it wasn't the first," said Spence. "I played basketball with some ability, but never in high school. In high school I had never wanted to get involved. That's why I took to boxing. It's an individual effort. I didn't have to worry about passing a glove off to a teammate so he could hit someone else."

"Generally Eddie has what I would regard as a very solid outlook on his future and his life," said Dr. James Mancuso, Spence's adviser in graduate school. "He's got a pretty good assessment of the nature of his talents and ability, a certain calm and contentment with himself. He's a superior student with a good mind. I just wish to hell that he didn't have to box, although I understand his motives. I don't find boxing very appealing. I'd rather have him be a gymnast."

While an undergraduate student, Spence discovered the stage and has appeared in 14 plays, most of them musical comedies. He has a fine baritone. "But I've about given up on musical comedies. They are too superficial. I saw all the big ones on Broadway last year and I was disappointed. You see one, you've seen them all. It's all fun and games, no real depth. That's why I've decided to do just serious acting."

He also studies the piano, is taking lessons in Italian, phonetics, singing and

modern dance and spends at least three hours a day cramming for the comprehensive exams he'll take for his master's degree at the State University of New York at Albany in May. "Plus, when I'm short of money," he says, "I work on a dump truck. It's a great way to furnish a house."

"He tries to do too much," complains Sala. "If he'd just concentrate on boxing he could be a great fighter. Besides, with a master's degree I keep asking him why he wants to fight."

At the end of 1966 Spence did decide to quit. He didn't fight from June 1967 until December 1968. Then one night, while working as a bouncer in a nightclub, he got into a wrestling match with a drunken patron. It lasted 10 minutes to a draw. In Pittsfield the people snickered. "Some fighter," they said. "He can't even beat so-and-so. Whoever said he could fight?"

"People seem disappointed that I didn't kill the guy," said Spence. "To tell you the truth, I was annoyed I didn't punch his head off. But to heck with them, I didn't care what they said."

He didn't care. But the next day he was back in the gym. His contract with Sala had run out. He wanted a new one. "You kidding?" said Sala. "What do you want to fight for? A guy with your brains. Forget it."

"I'm going to fight," said Spence, "and I'd just as soon do it with you as my manager. But if not you, then it will be someone else."

Sala signed the contract. A few weeks later Spence won an eight-round decision over Sugar Ryan, then knocked out Hank Stroud in four. Then came Riccetti and the quickie with Martinez.

"He's better than ever," says Sala. "Stronger, and for the first time he is throwing a good hook. And he's always had a ton of guts. One time he fought a guy named Cadillac James and he went in with a broken hand and a broken nose. Never told me. And he won the fight. Damn, if he'd only concentrate on fighting."

Spence finds that amusing. "Why concentrate on any one thing?" he asks. "I wouldn't even know what to choose if I had to make a choice. I saw George Plimpton on TV the other day. He said there just isn't enough variety for him in any one thing. I'm the same way. I guess I just want to be known as an all-round guy."

The Continental Mark III.

What makes this the most authoritatively styled, decisively individual motorcar of this generation?

Even small details like the clock are handled distinctively.

In fact, it's not just a clock but a true chronometer from the famous jeweler, Cartier.

The engine is the most advanced V-8 in the automotive industry. It features 365 horsepower, 460 cubic

inches in a great new, deep-breathing design.

Ask your Continental dealer about Sure-Track braking, the safest, straightest way to stop a car. Computer technology has made it the most advanced automotive braking system in the world.

Your Continental dealer will be pleased to demonstrate this most distinguished motorcar.



LINCOLN · MERCURY



Nettleton spices up the
wing-tip with Red-Pepper
Brown Corfam.

Add NETTLETON's brogue to your wardrobe and you add a dash of color that's right in step with the bright new trend in businesswear. Add CORFAM* and you've got the perfect business shoe. One that stays new-looking longer. CORFAM, the parameric shoe upper material by Du Pont, wipes clean with a damp cloth. It repels water, dries spot free, breathes to aid foot comfort.

Feel free...you're in Corfam

NETTLETON shoes by CORFAM. priced \$175. For the name of your nearest Nettleton shoe store, A. E. Beermann Co., Syracuse, N.Y.

© 1968 A. E. Beermann Co. *Reg. U.S. Pat. & TM. Office. DuPont is a registered trademark of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.

DU PONT
Chemicals

Better things for better living...through chemistry

◆ Kelly Harmon, 20, younger daughter of ABC sportscaster and former All-America **Tom Harmon** and former actress **Elyse Knox**, is to be married this spring to **John DeLorean**, 44, head of the Chevrolet division of General Motors. Early editions of *The New York Times* containing the announcement of her engagement ran only a photograph of the bridegroom-to-be, a break with tradition that the society editor of the *Times* thinks may not have occurred since some royal personage (male) became engaged to some commoner (female). "This man," it was explained, "is probably going to be president of General Motors one day." Maybe so, but Miss Harmon is prettier.

Another **Harmon** in the news is former Masters champion **Clube**, who has just returned from Morocco where he spent two weeks with **King Hassan II**, helping to tidy up His Majesty's golf game. Hassan developed an interest in golf two years ago and he has attacked the game with uncommon vigor. In 1967 he invited the late **Tommy Armour** to Morocco to instruct him, but Armour, who was not able to go, suggested Harmon. Harmon has now made three trips to Rabat, where he worked with the king on his private nine-hole and par-3 courses behind the palace walls. On this last visit he found that Hassan had built five or six new courses and had commissioned Robert Trent Jones to lay out another of 45 holes, upon which Hassan would dearly love to see the 1972 World Cup played. "He is doing as much for golf as anyone in the world," Harmon says and, as for Hassan's own game, it is coming along nicely, and His Majesty is a pleasure to teach.



◆ Mrs. Aileen Moss, mother of Race Driver **Stirling Moss**, was already sick and tired of polishing his trophies when her daughter **Pat** began to bring home her awards (they now number more than 1,000) for horseback riding and rally driving. However, relief may be at hand. Mother's boy is considering having all but a few of his trophies melted down to make a Stirling silver tabletop.

"Squash," says Louis d'Almeida, "is one of the few things **Leonard Bernstein** is bugs about. If I can get a court for half an hour, he will even leave rehearsals and recording sessions." D'Almeida, executive vice-president of North American Chemical Corporation, is a tournament player and the man who introduced Bernstein to squash four or five years ago. Bernstein proved an apt pupil, but for a while progress under his friend's tutelage seemed about to come to a halt. D'Almeida is a Yale man, Bernstein a graduate of Harvard and, while the relative merits of the two universities can be argued forever, it is agreed that the squash courts of the Yale Club in New York are su-

perior to those of the Harvard Club. D'Almeida would not play upon the latter, and Bernstein's guest privileges at the former ran out. Which is why **Leonard Bernstein**, ordinarily indifferent to honorary degrees, in 1966 accepted with notable pleasure the one bestowed upon him by Yale University.

Opera and musical comedy star **Patrice Munnell** rides horseback, skis and sails, but is especially fond of scuba diving, which she took up in Italy 16 years ago. She tries to get away five or six times a year to some place like Bermuda but has been tied up this month playing the lead role in *I Do, I Do* at the Coconut Grove Playhouse in Miami. This has limited her to a sort of coffee-break dive in the nearby Miami Seaquarium and, if playhouse audiences are eating out of her hand, the Seaquarium fish are not. "They wouldn't take anything from me," she reported. "They're used to two divers, and I guess three spooked them." Miss Munnell had a good time, though. "It's exciting and invigorating," she said, "to be with a huge variety of fish."

Bill Toomey has undertaken a five-week stint in Washington, D.C., as dean of men for a program instructing high school seniors in the mechanics of government, but he paused briefly en route to win the world's first demi-decathlon and to lose *The Dating Game*. Miss Joyce Jillson of *Feyton Place* chose **Bob Osborne**, a PR man, sporting both Toomey and an entertainer named **Tom Kelly**. "I found it a bit distressing," Toomey says. "It's not the type of competition I anticipated it would be—and there's no second place. The most difficult thing is that the questions are so meaningless. Well, maybe that's good, be-

cause you really have to be sharp to make something out of nothing. For example, I couldn't decide," Toomey admitted, "why, if I was a house, a girl would want to live in me."

◆ When **Queen Elisabeth** presented European Heavyweight Champion **Henry Cooper** with the Order of the British Empire, she thoughtfully inquired about the foot injury that had interrupted his training for his March 13 title defense in Rome. Cooper is a bleeder, and cuts about the eyes have often stopped him in the ring, this time he stepped on a stone and broke a blood vessel in his foot. "That has now cleared up, thank you, Ma'am," he was able to inform the Queen, but hopefully **Piero Tomassini** is not going to hit Cooper below the belt, or at least not that far below the belt.





IN ROUGH GOING on the backboards, Tulsa's Rob Washington (33) flies high for two points.

Skeletons and snakes and a scramble for first

The Missouri Valley Conference—at least at the top—is strong again. If nobody is murdered one team might just take the title

as unsung local boys Jerry King and Dennis Deeken combined for 43 points. An hour later at Tulsa, Drake won its sixth straight league game by upsetting the Hurricane 87-78. With Gary Zeller opening up the defense and Walbe McCarter scoring in the clutch, Drake's Bulldogs pulled away late in the game for a victory that tied Tulsa for second place. Both teams are now 10-3, one game behind Louisville with three to go. "Maybe after tonight we'll get some recognition outside of our own part of the country," said Drake Coach Maurice John. "This team is tired of not being taken seriously."

The fratricide that has characterized Valley play all year accounts in part for such neglect, despite the fact that the top four teams in the conference have a 32-5 record against outside opponents. "I'm relatively new to this conference, but you can't convince me it's a down year," says Ken Hayes, the dark-visaged first-year coach at Tulsa. "Memphis has lost 14 straight, and we needed a tip-in to beat them at the gun. North Texas has blown Cincinnati and Drake out of the gym. Wichita beat Cincy twice and lost to Louisville only on a gift. St. Louis is stayed with Louisville through two overtimes. All this is balance, not a sign of weakness."

Unfortunately for Hayes's argument, the conference as a whole has a relatively poor (57-28) record against outsiders, and since 1966 MVC teams have won only one of 10 NCAA and NIT postseason tournament games. In that time no member has gone beyond the first round of the NIT. The fact is, the Missouri Valley no longer has ruling teams such as Cincinnati and Bradley once

were, and the standings have been shaken with new, formerly hangdog teams in the ascendancy. Critics attribute this to an overall breakdown of talent more than to a shift in power, and the reasoning usually offered for the leveling process is twofold.

In the last five years every team except Drake has changed coaches. Ed Jucker left Cincinnati, Ralph Miller left Wichita, John Benington left St. Louis and Chuck Orsborn moved up to athletic director at Bradley. Along with their departures, the 1.6 rule, severely limiting recruitment of prospects without academic stature, hurt the Valley probably more than most other conferences. The 1969 senior class is the last one prior to the 1.6 rule. As a result of this, among the 25 best players in the league only four are true (nontransfer) juniors; just one of those, Jim Ard of Cincinnati, is in a class with past Valley stars. Moreover, of the full-time starters on the top five teams in the conference, not one is a sophomore.

There are some good freshmen coming up next year, namely Henry Bacon at Louisville and John Fraley at Cincinnati, but clearly the league will have to go for transfers—such as Tulsa's 6' 11" Dana Lewis—to function smoothly in the future.

Such realities in the Valley have brought about vast changes. The best centers in the league are converted forwards. The best shooters are at North Texas State (a former doormat), and (mostly because people had forgotten about it) the sleeper team is Tulsa, whose one Valley co-championship is 14 years old.

Tulsa has not been a surprise to those

Keep still," mean Tom Chaney told 14-year-old Mattie Ross after being abandoned by his wicked gangmates, Lucky Ned Pepper and the Original Greaser Bob, in Charles Portis' tale, *True Grit*. "I must now think over my position and how I may improve it." Moments later Mattie replied by blowing Tom Chaney's head off, and he eventually tumbled into a pot of skeletons and snakes.

That, to hear some people tell it last week, was a fairly accurate description of the way things were going in the Missouri Valley Conference. After a season-long series of surprising ambushes, sicknesses, suspensions and racial turmoil, the proud Valley that used to send all those favored teams with Oscar Robertsons and Chet Walkers and Dave Stallworths into the NCAA and NIT tournaments was desperately trying to vindicate its reputation.

On Saturday night, in two Valley hot-spots, the cream finally rose to the top. Home-standing Louisville blew a 13-point lead late in the second half before holding on to defeat Cincinnati 72-68,

who remember the 1967 Hurricane team that went to the NIT. Practically the same group was rolling along with an 11-4 record last season when Bobby Smith, the 6' 5" scoring star, fractured a bone in his foot. Smith remained in the lineup but was ineffective for the rest of the season, while Tulsa lost its last eight games.

The trouble was compounded by the ugly feelings that simmered between Coach Joe Swank and Athletic Director Glenn Dobbs. Swank, an Indian-American, had a hard time communicating with his black players, and he resigned after the season. Hayes, who was Swank's assistant, is a nonsmoking, non-drinking deacon in the Evangelistic Temple Church. He restored morale, instituted a running game on offense, man-to-man play on defense and abolished Sunday practices. Smith, healthy again and the most consistent player in the league, says of Hayes, "The man keeps us loose. There are no more problems. He lets us run the way we'd been brought up to run."

With Smith scoring 25 points a game from the outside, and Rob Washington, a 6' 6" rebounder, averaging 20 a game on the inside, Tulsa's forecourt is hard to match. Al Caeto, a Cuban whose family fled when Castro came to power, is a quick center, but he lacks strength and tends to foul often. Tulsa lost two early-season games on the road, but then quietly seized the conference lead and held it while going unbeaten through 10 games. The team has now lost three straight, however, and vitally needs resuscitation for the three road games remaining.

Tulsa's difficulties seem to be endemic. The season in the Valley has produced three grave trouble spots—at St. Louis, Memphis State and Cincinnati. The problems have been racial, often aggravated by bad relations with the local press. At St. Louis, Coach Buddy Brethmer has twice been sidelined because of hypertension and may lose his job. At Memphis State, young Moe Iba has received little cooperation, and two weeks ago he suspended his most valua-

able player, Rich Jones, and three others for the balance of the season.

And at Cincinnati, the best team in the league has been shattered by dissension for months. Coach Tay Baker, who was recently hanged in effigy on campus with the words TAY GO WAY, has been carrying on a running battle in the newspapers with Rick Roberson and out of the papers with Gordon Smith. "A boy can't assume all the problems of his people and still play," says Baker, whose team has been racked by internal strife before. The freshman star Fraley, and his coach John Bryant, a Negro, are also at odds, and Assistant Varsity Coach Ray Dieringer recently stepped in to assist Bryant on the bench. Baker indicated in the spring that Cincinnati might better be served by leaving the Valley to join the Mid-American Conference, but Tay may go away long before the Bearcats do.

Nothing has kept the league's other strong teams, Louisville and Drake, from matching their potential. At Louisville, Coach John Dromo is doing more with less than he had the past two years, having lost Westley Unseld. The remnants (Butch Beard, King and Deeken) of the defending championship team have joined with sore-kneed Mike Grosso, the league's best rebounder, to compile a 17-3 record. The Cardiac Cards have won seven of their games by a total of 15 points.

The brawl that ended Drake's 84-70 defeat at Louisville last month left little doubt that there was spirit remaining in the Valley. "Wait till we get you in Des Moines," the Bulldogs shouted just after police broke up the fight and restrained Coach John from pursuing a Freedom Hall heckler unaffectionately known as The Big Cigar.

Drake is led by Wingmen McCarter and Dolph Pulliam, and it is a veteran team with quickness and strength underneath. Forward Willie Wise missed the first Tulsa game because of an ankle injury, but he had 15 points and 11 rebounds and appeared to be robustly healthy in the victory Saturday. Drake has not lost since its humiliation at North



IN TROUBLE Down on the court, Tulsa star Bobby Smith presses to get ball off safely.

Texas, after which John decided to go with his "quick" team (with 6' 5" Al Williams replacing Garry Odom). The Bulldogs are playing the best basketball in the league, and they look like the champions. "Is it the whole ball of wax at Tulsa?" a Wichita reporter asked John after Drake had destroyed the Shockers 120-94 last Thursday night. "Not for us," he answered, "but it is for Tulsa. If they lose, they're finished. They haven't had pressure at home all year. We'll just wait and see."

The Bulldogs now have the edge. They got Cincinnati and Louisville at home and face weak St. Louis on the road. Louisville plays St. Louis at home and has to go to Bradley, no easy task, for the final game of the season. Tulsa, meanwhile, must win all three of its road games (the tough one being at North Texas' "bowling alley" gym) to stand any chance.

Mean Tom Chaney may be no more. One should not, however, conclude that the Missouri Valley is peopled only by skeletons. There's a lot of life in those snakes.

END

Some sweet theft at Daytona

A perennial runner-up in big-time stock-car racing, Lee Roy Yarborough stole past the leader in the richest 500-mile race with just vroom to go

If there is an auto race to make average, healthy motorists start thinking about shopping for a heart transplant, it is the Daytona 500. Run at speeds near 190 mph on the tricky, high-banked Daytona International track, this most important of all stock-car races hammers the cars and startles the eyes with violent motion. Last Sunday an exuberant crowd of 101,000 saw the richest 500 (worth \$208,000) won on the very last lap by the space of a single car length. In the winning Ford was bushy-haired Lee Roy Yarborough of Columbia, S.C., a man up from poor streets of Jacksonville and known around stock-car racing as No. 2. Last year he was the reluctant runner-up in three big events and won just one.

Sweeter than whizz lightning was his victory over a red-hot corner named Charlie Glotzbach, driving a Dodge Charger, for he had trailed Charlie for the previous 14 laps and just did nail him. It was on the next to last turn of that last lap that Lee Roy got ahead.

After a pair of 125-mile qualifying races on Thursday, the race shaped up precisely as the wheel-to-wheel rouser it turned out to be. Both of the challenging factory teams, Ford and Dodge, had half a dozen strong performers, and neither had a clear-cut advantage over the other. Ford, with a new snout-nosed racer, the Talladega, swept the top five positions in the first race, but Dodge countered with a 1-2-3 sweep of the second.

Ford, which had threatened to pull out of the race earlier in the month because its new 429-cu-in. "staggered valve" engine was not approved, led with Cale Yarborough, who was coming off the most successful season in stock-car history: four superspeedway victories and a record \$136,786 in prize money. Ford also had Grand National Champion David Pearson, hard-charging Donnie Allison, Indy imports A. J. Foyt and Bobby Unser and, get this, Rich-

ard Petty. Petty, of course, had been driving his *Blue Angel* Plymouth on the Southern circuits for a decade. In early January he switched to the Ford camp. The move was precipitated by two considerations. First, Petty wanted to drive the more competitive Dodge Charger on the big tracks. Chrysler Corporation, despite the protests of its dealers, said no. Second, Richard and his family have always appreciated the value of a dollar. Ronnie Housholder, the Chrysler racing manager, was a little bitter about it. "Ford was like the serpent dangling the golden apple, and the Pettys took a bite," he said.

Dodge countered the Ford wave with Glotzbach, Paul Goldsmith, Bobby Allison, Bobby Isaac and two disparate young personalities, Pete Hamilton and Buddy Baker.

Hamilton is a fuzzy-checked New Englander from Dedham, Mass. and new to the big tracks. "Everybody told me how easy I made it look," he said after a warmup lap at 186 mph, "but my knuckles were white from gripping that steering wheel."

Buddy Baker is a 6'4" hot-tempered leadfoot who has been known to go blind at the sight of the green flag, and on Sunday he led for a few early laps and ultimately finished fifth. During practice for the race he demolished one car in a spectacular 190-mph crash in the No. 1 turn—and gained confidence from it. "I'd never been sure about the wall here before," he said, "but after that wreck I knew I could survive anything." Nice words, especially since Baker was the pole-sitter for the 500.

But on Saturday, during a 300-mile Sportsman race (for cars at least three model-years old), a young driver from New York, Don MacTavish, tested the wall and lost. Coming out of the fourth turn, the most dangerous part of the racecourse, MacTavish lost control, dived to the inside, overcorrected and

slammed into the outside wall. His 1966 Comet was sheared in half; there was absolutely nothing left of the car in front of MacTavish. He spun wildly and came to rest, exposed, pointing back up the track. Behind him, Sam Sommers, in a 1961 Ford, smashed head-on into MacTavish, who, if he was not already dead from the impact with the wall, most assuredly was after Sommers hit him.

And so the next day, amid the high school bands, the Sunday television preachers and all the other Southern color attendant on stock-car racing, but under the pall cast by MacTavish's death, the 500 got rolling.

The race itself was amazingly free of serious accidents, although the caution flag was dropped five times. The only injury was a cut foot and bruised nose suffered by Cale Yarborough when he rode the wall around the fourth turn midway through the race.

The lead changed hands several times during the first three-quarters of the 500 but, thanks to a variety of mechanical ills, by the 170th lap of the 200-lap race the only challengers were Yarborough and Glotzbach. Both made their last pit stops between the 181st and 186th laps. As they hooked up again, Glotzbach led Yarborough by nearly eight seconds. Five laps later the margin was 3.1 seconds; with three laps left, one second. When they took the white flag for the last lap they were .3 of a second apart.

Because of the high speeds, it is impossible, at least improbable, that a car can get past another equally fast car between the fourth turn and the finish line, and so Lee Roy made his move at the entrance to the third turn.

"We were coming up on a slow car driven by J. D. McDuffie, which I knew hadn't raced here before," Lee Roy said, "and I hoped and prayed he had learned one thing here this afternoon—to look in his rearview mirror." Lee Roy moved beneath McDuffie, praying and hoping McDuffie wouldn't move down on him, because Glotzbach was forced to go high around McDuffie on the other side. Earlier in the race Glotzbach had pulled the same thing on Lee Roy, and Lee Roy had gently kissed the wall. But both cars held control this time, and although Glotzbach tried, he was unable to get past Yarborough during the last 1,200 feet to the finish. No. 2 was finally No. 1, and he had a \$38,950 winner's purse to prove it.



What's 7 minutes in your young life?

Oh, maybe an extra \$14,000 put aside. Your finances organized.

And a way to avoid a costly error in your Social Security.

In less time than it takes for a stroll around the block, a Mutual Benefit man can start you on the road to sound financial planning.

You see, he recognizes life insurance is only one part of it. So he offers you a financial service that goes into other things, too. It covers not only protection but savings, your retirement, a review of all your life insurance. It takes in your benefits under Social Security, including latest changes in the law (and helps you initiate an audit of your account that can avoid a costly error).

Result? A financial program you can live with. And for the Mutual Benefit man? Life insurance is his business. He hopes when you buy, you'll buy from him.

Best part is, it takes only 7 minutes to find out if his financial service is for you. If you're interested, he'll continue. Otherwise he'll leave. When your Mutual Benefit man calls, give him 7 minutes. It could be the turning point of your whole financial future.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Mister X— the mainstay of the tour

Miller Barber is the sort of pro who works while Jack and Arnie rest

His fellow pros call him the Mysterious Mr. X, or simply Mr. X. His name, Miller Barber, sounds like the alias for a character in *Mission Impossible* or a band leader. He dresses like an enforcer for the local arm of the mob, wearing drab navy blues and maroons and blacks and browns every day. He has

modishly rounded, blue-tinted prescription glasses that are straight from the latest riot at Berkeley. For a time, the other pros even thought he was the tour bookie. However, they never had about the mystery man's golf game. They know that Miller Barber's swing will not self-destruct in five seconds.

Last week Mr. X and his indestructible swing were at the \$100,000 Tucson Open. Where else would Miller Barber be when there is a golf tournament on the schedule? Barber played in 34 of a possible 42 tournaments in 1968, winning the Byron Nelson Classic in Dallas and earning a total of \$105,845 38-ninth place on the money list. This season he and Lee Trevino are the only golfers from the 1968 top 10 to have played in all seven PGA tournaments. Barber won the ram-abbreviated Kaiser International in January, tied for second in Phoenix two weeks ago and in Tucson finished second again, behind Trevino. For the seven weeks, the Mysterious Mr. X has grossed a comfortable \$36,655, which puts him in third place on the 1969 money list.

Naturally, tournament sponsors wish the more established players would approach the tour with Barber's enthusiasm. Tucson, for instance, had only four of last year's top-10 money winners in its field, and among the missing were Billy Casper, Jack Nicklaus, Julius Boros and Arnold Palmer. Casper, Nicklaus and Palmer also missed the previous week's Phoenix Open, and they represent box office, the difference often between red or black in the ledgers.

The Tucson Conquistadores, a volunteer organization of 50 local businessmen which runs the tournament and guarantees an advance ticket sale of \$75,000 against total operating expenses of some \$150,000, needed roughly \$50,000 in live box-office sales to clear any profit for its youth athletic projects. "If we had one of the 'names' that we don't have, there would be no problem at all," said Ed Richter, the tournament director. "I guess you tend to get upset at these things. I know we stayed right behind the players during the feud last year, though, and I thought we might get one of them to play here."

"Personally, I never care what players decide to play a tournament," says Miller Barber. "If Palmer and Casper and Nicklaus and Boros sit out one week, it means I have a better chance to win

more money. And that's why I am out here in the first place."

Barber, who is 37 and a bachelor—which probably explains why he rarely takes a break from the tour—did not start to win money consistently until six years ago. He learned the game as a kid in Texarkana, Texas, and was No. 1 man on the University of Arkansas golf team for three years until he graduated in 1954. He spent the next 3½ years as a lieutenant in the Air Force, and during that time some officer friends convinced him to try tour golf when he was discharged.

So, in 1959, Miller joined the tour. Three years later, realizing he had to improve his game, he took a teaching position at the Apawamis Club in Rye, N.Y. By 1963 he was ready to try again. Some 60 Apawamis members each contributed \$100 for his stake, and Miller promised to repay the syndicate as soon as possible. At the end of the 1963 tour, he paid the syndicate \$12,000—a 100% return on the investment—and headed out alone.

By 1966 Barber had become one of the steadiest players on the circuit, and he has won more than \$200,000 since then. He hits his drives longer than most players. His irons move on a high trajectory, and his short game is meticulous. On the greens, he may not be a George Archer, but he is better than most players.

Away from the course, Miller is sometimes seen but seldom heard. "Mr. X is kind of sneaky when he goes out at night," says Terry Dill. "He's always with a blonde, and he always sits in the corner and never lets anyone see him or his date. We can all be standing there in the entrance of a place, and he'll walk right around us without saying a word." Barber sees nothing mysterious about any of this. "I see the guys all day long," he says, "so at night I like to go off and be by myself. I'll see them all the next day anyway."

However, there are signs lately that the world may soon be confronted by a new Miller Barber. "Yes, sir, the image is going to change," he said before flying to Miami for this week's Dorak. "I've just gone out and ordered all kinds of gold and green and light-blue clothes. I'm going to become a little flamboyant."

Too bad. Somehow, a little color on the Mysterious Mr. X may make him less colorful.

END



MR. X HIDES BEHIND TINTED GLASSES



The execution is different, but the concept is basically the same.

Both vehicles are very difficult to destroy.

However, the M-48 (at right) was built to withstand slightly meaner treatment than the Volvo 144 (at left).

As a result, the M-48 weighs in at 83,000 lbs. And for all its bulk, carries only three men—in extreme discomfort we might add.

It burns two gallons to the mile and won't go over 30 miles an hour.

In other words, it's a tank.

The Volvo, on the other hand, weighs in at just 2,600 lbs. And for all its lack of bulk, carries five men—in extreme comfort.

It gets substantially better gas mileage and will go fast enough to attract police cars. Which are faster but not as strong.

In other words, a Volvo is strong in the way a tank is strong and has strengths where a tank has weaknesses.

Just how strong is a Volvo?

You could stack eight Volvos, one on top of another, without disturbing the Volvo on the bottom. That's a total of 10 tons. Six steel pillars, boxed for maximum strength, support the roof. (It's ironic that Detroit calls cars with no steel pillars "hardtops," when in reality they're just the opposite.)

Each side of the Volvo body is made from one solid piece of steel. There are no weak points because there are no seams. In other parts of the body, where seams occur, 8,000 spot welds fuse them together.

It's this kind of construction that once led Car & Driver Magazine to make the following observation.

"...the Volvo is possibly the toughest vehicle

anywhere this side of the Aberdeen Proving Grounds and there is a growing legion of happy owners who will be glad to verify the point."

The Aberdeen Proving Grounds, incidentally, is where the Army tests tanks.

It even has armor-plating.

Volvo has a finish six coats thick. First the body is etched in zinc phosphate so the paint gets a vise-like grip on the metal. Then it's dunked in rustproofing primer. The body then gets one undercoat, one sealer coat and three color coats of baked enamel. 33 lbs. of protection in all.

It's because of this that you hear stories like this...

One day a friend of this writer told of an experience with a dent in the door of his Volvo. He had it repaired and noticed that the shop charged him a modest sum for body work but nothing for paint. Being honest, he raised the point. The body man explained that after banging out the dent, the paint was still undamaged—so there was no need for a re-paint!

A Volvo doesn't self-destruct in three years.

There is an obvious advantage in owning a car that's built like a Volvo. Once it's paid for, there's still something left to own.

A Volvo can help you fight off the impulse that drives you into debt every few years. Because by keeping it, you can begin making payments to yourself instead of the finance company.

Of course, if you're not interested in adding money to your coffers, you can sell your Volvo after three years. And delight in how little you lose.

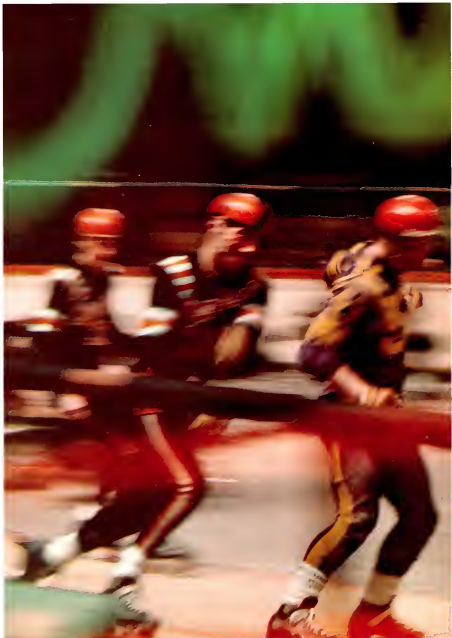
Volvos depreciate as slowly as they disintegrate.



THE ROLLER DERBY

"All I want out of it," Joan Weston said,
"is to make good money,
get out of it in one piece,
and years from now
when I say I was in the Derby
I want people still to know what it is.
I want that."

Photographs by Walter Iooss Jr.



On a jam, the violence is mostly genuine. Here Bill Groll slows Dave Cannella with a knee block, and Francine Cochua, separated from Joan (38), gets slugged.









When the action cools, the villains on the "visiting" team—skaters like bald Bob Hein or the raucous Ann Calvello (above)—will usually incite a brawl with some sham theatrics. The injuring of a teammate (opposite) gives Calvello the excuse to pick a bogus fight (right) with a young Bomber. It will last till Joan comes to the rescue.





After memorizing the route numbers on the road map, the girls will get into their cars with their puppy dogs and move on to the next arena.

FIVE STRIDES ON THE BANKED TRACK

by Frank Deford

CHARLIE O'CONNELL (at the bar in Duluth after the last game of his career): I get so tired with the new skaters complaining all the time. You can take any outfit and tear it apart if you really want to.

BILL GROLL: You mean any outfit, in or out of sports?

O'CONNELL: You can tear any outfit apart. So look at it this way: What does the Derby give you? Where would you be, Lou?

LOU DONOVAN: Without the Derby?

O'CONNELL: Yeah. Without the Derby. If there wasn't one.

DONOVAN: Not in boxing anymore. I had to leave there. And I couldn't be in football or anything.

O'CONNELL: So where would you be if you weren't skating?

DONOVAN: Well, I'd just be in construction all the time.

O'CONNELL: Right. You and me and all these guys. You'd be just a working stiff.

DONOVAN: Sure.

GROLL: But it isn't just that thing, Charlie. The minute I saw it, the speed, the contact, I know it was . . . I fell for it.

O'CONNELL: That's another reason not to tear it apart. We all just love to skate. I know that, too. Look, I know that.

The Roller Derby still lives and prospers, a downtown, blue-collar game that rocks and whips on its way, exciting its own, nurturing its young, expanding all the time with hardly a care for the ordained representatives of "respectable" sport who carefully ignore it. Roller Derby is, in fact, managed by young suburban-living executives who understand television and urban demography and know how to manipulate the realities of the '60s. At the same time Roller Derby is still a breath of the Depression, with the carnival air of the dance marathons that spawned it. It is still one-night stands and advance men, laundermats and greasy spoons. The players themselves, like Barnum's elephants, construct and dismantle their track, and carry it—and their puppy dogs—along to the next town. It is a game played by kids who come right out of high school or off the assembly line or the farm—the way they used to do in all other sports before everyone started going to junior college, at least, and drawing bonuses and signing endorsements and founding player associations. Maybe the Roller Derby today is like all sports years ago, or maybe the Roller Derby is just something that has always been like nothing but itself.

The heart of the Roller Derby is the

Bay Bombers' team. It is the home team for most every Derby fan in America. The Bombers play various villainous opponents in Oakland and San Francisco, San Jose, Richmond, Santa Rosa and other towns in northern California. From April through September, the Sunday night Bombers game at Kezar Pavilion is video-taped and sent out to 79 stations all over the U.S. (plus Japan), which schedule the tapes at their own convenience.

Half the Roller Derby is still a women's contest, and the audience is predominantly female. There is no doubt about that. Above the steady whir of the plastic wheels on the Masonite-banked track, the noise at the Roller Derby is screechy, but with sighs, not the raucous, gruff sounds that mark most other sporting events. The Bombers' opponents, "the visitors," are usually called the Pioneers or the Cardinals. On the winter tour last year the opposition was billed as the All Stars. Most of the time. Occasionally the All Stars would go under another name; they were the New England Braves, for example, when the tour hit Providence and Boston. It doesn't matter. Everybody still roots for the Bombers, and their live and TV audience is matched by very few teams in any sport.

The tour is a triumphal procession, including only those towns that feature the Bombers on TV. Last winter's, the most ambitious in history, took the Bombers and the All Stars to 55 cities

continued

in 62 days: they traveled more than 15,000 miles with 13 carloads and one semitrailer that carried the track and was driven by Jimmy Pierce, a teamster who was also one of the referees. In order, the tour went: Reno to Lincoln to Omaha, Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Steubenville, Detroit, Toledo, Providence, Boston, Worcester, New Haven, Dayton, Canton, Steubenville, Cleveland, Chicago, Richmond, Norfolk, Greenville, St. Louis, Peoria, Moline, Dayton, Hammond, Boston, Worcester, Providence, New Haven, Norfolk, Camp Lejeune, Washington, Greenville, Salem, Akron, Cleveland, Moline, Madison, Peoria, Toledo, Dayton, Detroit, Boston, Providence, Waterloo, Minneapolis and Duluth.

Obviously the schedule makes no sense whatsoever. It winds, goes back and forth, up and down, here and there and doubles back again, 13 cars in search of an arena. Charlie O'Connell, the greatest male star in the game, who is, in fact, always referred to as "Bomber Great" Charlie O'Connell, says that Jerry Seltzer, the Roller Derby president, planned the trip by throwing darts at a map. "Blindfolded, over his shoulder," O'Connell adds.

The players call the boss "Drip and Dry," which is the name Ann Calvello gave Seltzer because his coat appears to ride on a hanger, even when it is on his shoulders. Ann has dyed pearly blue hair and drinks out of a large silver chalice that she acquired when she was skating with another outfit in Australia. She was the women's captain of the All Stars last year and has been skating for 22 years. "Don't ask me when I turned pro," she said to the comedian in the nightclub in Waterloo, Iowa. "I would rather you ask me when I turned professional. It sounds better that way." The comic was dying on stage anyway until Calvello—she is usually called by just her last name—joined his act. "I'm 38," she told him and the audience, "the same way I am around. Only after this trip I'm down to a perfect 36—12-12-12."

The skaters were dead tired, relaxing after the game, having just come straight through from Providence to Waterloo, 1,100 miles. They never stop for the night: the occupants of each car take turns driving. Jimmy drove the 1,100 miles in the semi—48 hours, with just 2½ hours off for napping in the cab.

"You just push on," he said. "You just push it another mile. It's the same thing with skating. After a while it's all the same whether you're tired or not."

Jimmy was exhausted, of course, and he was supposed to take the truck right out after the Waterloo game and drive to Minneapolis, so Hal Janowitz, the fine old skater who is now the tour manager, let him have the game off to sleep in the cab. Bill Morrissey, the other referee, had to work alone. Morrissey was limping from a muscle pull that he had received while breaking up a fight among the girls, and he was sore and tired. Mrs. Dee Morrissey, who was along on the tour because it was also their honeymoon, provided pain pills and Band-Aids for her husband, and she supplied coffee during the game to help keep Bill and some of the players alert. Mrs. Morrissey also kept score on the tour, though nobody cared much about the statistics.

Nobody was even sure who was ahead on the tour, the Bombers or the All Stars. "They're just exhibitions," Eddie Krebs said. Eddie is 24, has been skating since he was 15, is lean and wiry and may be the fastest skater on the All Stars. "Back in the Bay Area it's different," he said. "Those are league games, and the fans know your abilities and what to expect, so you just get out there and skate. On a trip like this, though, the games don't count, so you give the fans what they want." Virtually since it was created in 1935 by Leo Seltzer—Jerry's father—the Derby has had to contend with charges that it is all an act. Sometimes that has not been a hum rap, either. But the Derby people bristle at such talk. "We're not showmen or anything like that," Krebs said. "Even a night like this, we're skating hard. When you don't skate hard, that's when you get hurt."

This was March in Waterloo, but a premature burst of August had blown in from somewhere, and the temperature had gone into the 80s. It was particularly bad for the players, just in from properly icy New England. In addition, the crowd in Waterloo was about the worst one on the whole tour. The fans were not even stirred when a couple of the All Stars poured the contents of the water cooler all over Bomber Larry Smith in the infield.

The Bombers moved into their locker room at halftime, exhausted and disgusted. Everybody went for a cigarette

first thing. Nearly everybody on the Derby smokes a lot. The most exciting discovery on the whole tour across the U.S. was that packs went for 25¢ in the cigarette machines in North Carolina.

"How can you skate before so few people?" said Julian Silva.

"And all sitting on their hands," said Larry Smith. He was still wet all over.

Everybody took another drag. "Can't we all just chip in a dollar each and pay them to go home?" Julian asked. "I was downtown today looking around..."

"Downtown?" asked Lou Donovan incredulously.

"Well, I was downtown," Julian went on, "and everyone was just moping around like everyone here."

"It's whatdyacallit, the spring fever," Charlie O'Connell said. "And us going from cold to hot overnight, 18 hours, what do you expect from us before a crowd like this—break our butts?"

"The spring fever," Julian said. "It hits the farmers first, I guess. They're outside, they work hard."

"They still don't know what's going on out there," Charlie said.

Everybody put down a cigarette and reached for a comb. Besides smoking, the thing that distinguishes a skater, male or female, is a continuing interest in maintaining a neat and well-designed head of hair. The Bombers took their final drags, put their combs back and went out before a quiet few to play the last half in Waterloo. Referee Morrissey got kicked in the groin while breaking up a fight between Larry Smith and Ronnie Robinson of the All Stars.

Most Americans remember the Derby from its golden age, the early '50s, when it shared television eminence with Milton Berle, when a skater with the lyrical name of Toughie Brasuhn became a household word. Television exploited the Derby and discarded it, the first sport it wasted, and it has only been in the last couple of years that the Derby has begun to thrive again. The game has been constantly streamlined as the skaters have become faster, but essentially what remains is the same rough-and-tumble action. Teams are composed of two units, male and female, who alternate on the banked track, skating eight periods of 12 minutes each. The clock stops only when serious an-

juries occur and for disorders of a more spectacular nature. Each team fields five players at a time. Two, in striped helmets, are jammers, the potential scorers. They attempt to break out of the pack, circle the track and then pass opponents. One point is awarded for each opponent who is lapped. Two players are ineligible to score. Like interior linemen in football, they are called blockers. They wear solid-color helmets. The helmets are a rather recent innovation, and while the players grudgingly acknowledge their value as protection, the fact that they hardly enhance one's looks and also play havoc with hairdos makes them very unpopular.

The fifth player is the black-helmeted pivotman, who is usually the team's captain and star. O'Connell is the prototype pivotman. He usually stays back and blocks but occasionally will choose to jam and try for points. Once a potential scorer breaks free of the pack the jam begins, and the jammers have 60 seconds to score, although, if strategy dictates, the lead jammer can call off the action at any time by placing his hands on his hips. Top jammers can skate at speeds of more than 30 mph, though this is seldom achieved on the banked oval track, where everyone moves around in what is called a five stride, taking five steps, then coasting through much of the turn and then repeating the maneuver. The track often must be shortened to fit into a particular arena. A regulation track is 310 feet in circumference, but sections may be removed easily from the straightaway, like leaves from a dining-room table.

While the speedy jammers are the life of the game, it is the larger players, the O'Connells, who dominate the action. At 6' 1½" and 200 pounds, Charlie is a Gulliver in the Derby, for it is populated for the most part by small men and women. Most of the men are around 5' 8", and some are not much larger than jockeys. There are some big girls, but most are of average size and many are tiny. Mention Toughie Brasuhn and people say, sure they remember her, that huge woman knocking everybody down. Toughie is 4' 11".

There is surprise and disappointment for many fans on the tour when they see the little skaters in the flesh for the first time. It does not seem right that people who are from California and are

also on television should not be larger than life. But when the players go out on the track and everyone is raised a few inches by the skates and starts whirling five strides around the elevated banked track, everything seems bigger and better again.

The truth is that if one team had a couple of large, agile skaters it probably would be unbeatable, simply because no rival jammer could ever score. Certainly that is a flaw in the game. It is no problem today, however, since Seltzer owns all the Derby teams and manipulates the rosters to keep things competitive. The same situation exists in the Los Angeles league, where one corporation owns all the teams. Bill Griffiths, a suave former adman, is the president of L.A.'s Roller Games, or the National Skating Derby. The name Roller Derby is copyrighted, and Seltzer is suing Griffiths' group for \$15 million. Nevertheless, the two rivals continue to trade visiting teams in order that the Bombers and the L. A. home team, the Thunderbirds, can have an occasional new face to contend with.

Many skaters float (free-lance), signing with a different organization each season. All skaters, even the floaters, always call the Roller Derby "the Derby" and refer to the Games as "the other outfit" or "another outfit." Both groups publish newspapers, newsletters and yearbooks that feature behind-the-scenes gossip stories and all the inside on the latest trades, rumored trades, dissensions and feuds. Roller Derby fans feel personal involvement with their sport. They have little interest in standings and records; it is the action and the personalities that count with them. Most of them have no interest in other sports. "Who are these people? Where do they come from?" the arena owners always ask Jerry Seltzer.

Especially on the tour, the fans come in large groups, often whole families, in station wagons or even campers. One irate fan once hurled her infant at Toughie Brasuhn. Luckily, Toughie caught the baby. "And it was so young it was still wrinkled," says Joan Weston, the blonde captain of the Bombers' girl squad. Joan, a warm, intelligent tour veteran, is probably the object of more adoration than any other female athlete in the nation. Her fans react to her as others do to movie stars. In many towns she has to put on kerchief and sunglasses if she

wants to walk around without being harassed by admirers. When they know Joan is coming to town they write and invite her to spend the night at their homes. They draw diagrams of the bedroom she can have—"Please, Joanie, say you will. Please." She is sent money to pay her fines, and flowers and candy are often waiting when she arrives in town. She receives fan mail from children and from one gentleman who is 97. "Men don't write fan letters between the ages of 20 and 60," she says.

But they are there when the arena doors open—lean men, sunburned to the neck, T-shirts peeking above open-collared shirts. Their women are often large, carrying children in fleshy arms. These are the Derby fan stereotypes, but in affluent times—like now—middle-class audiences predominate, and TV sponsors have discovered that they tend to be good consumers and sound credit risks. The Derby tour even goes to college campuses, and in some places it actually has the image of an In thing. "It is all cycles, good and bad," Hal Janowitz says slyly. "The new people come along, a whole new generation of them, I guess. There have always been cycles with the Derby."

On tour, though, the Derby still resembles an old tent circus come to town. The arena swells with a cotton-candy spirit and the sparkle of a real Night Out. It is hard to pass by Don Gist, the concessions man, without making a well-considered purchase. A program? Penant? Glossy pictures? Derby programs are rarely discarded after an event; they are taken home, filed away and referred to regularly.

When the Derby arrives the men usually head straight for the arena to build the track, while the girls take the boys' laundry with their own and go off to a laundromat. As soon as the game is over and the men have packed the track into the truck, Jimmy Pierce is ready to take off for the next stop. The others leave in the morning. The skaters seldom see anything in any city but the motel, the arena and the laundromat. But, then, they have little interest in where they are, exactly, or where they are going. They might know, for instance, that they are in Chicago and the next stop is Richmond, but this specific trip has no real relation to the whole tour. New Mexico, Georgia and Rhode Island might as well all be side by side. The idea is

continued

just to get to Richmond from Chicago, and many manage this strictly by the numbers—you take Route 35 to 267, take a right to 54A, left on 42 to 175 and then the Main Street exit till you see the Holiday Inn. Janowitz, a fantastically organized man, usually dispenses such route guides. Joan Weston, methodical and interested in travel herself, can also be relied upon for information. Janowitz and Weston are referred to as "Ward and Wanda Bond," after the late TV wagonmaster.

To most of the players, though, distance is measured by the 9½ mile they receive. Cliff Butler, then a mature 18 and just out of Berkeley High, was a top Derby prospect last season. He was touring for the first time and proved to be a prodigious driver. He rode with the tour's only couple among the players, the Larry Smiths, who had been married very recently. The petite bride, Francine Cochu, had been Rookie of the Year the previous season in her native Montreal, and the three took a side trip there to see her family. Right afterward Butler drove 1,030 miles straight. Another time, out of Camp Lejeune, N.C. and headed for Washington, the car came to Route 301. A sleepy Smith said something in the back seat, and Butler turned left and drove merrily on, all the way into South Carolina, until he had to stop for gas. Luckily he also casually inquired at that point how much farther it was to Washington.

It is all very loose. "Hey, I left a guy in Dayton last week," O'Connell said once, as if he had forgotten his toothbrush. Lou Donovan, who usually rides with O'Connell and his boxer dog, Duchess, took a left turn onto a narrow, icy path one night, and the car was stuck under a railroad trestle when O'Connell finally awoke. "It said left," Donovan explained, getting out to push.

"At the road, you crazy sonuvagun," Charlie replied. "You only take the lefts at the road. It says left, you just don't turn left wherever you happen to be."

Donovan, as always, was not fazed. He is one of the more charming people in this world, usually smiling agreeably. When he is on the track he smiles at the other skaters. When he is resting in the infield he smiles at the fans. "Ignore him, just like we all have to," Charlie says. Donovan also is indefatigable. "I love work," he says. "I like any work that's hard, I guess just because that's

my work—I'm a laborer." Married to a very pretty blonde whose name, Sally, is inscribed on his forearm, Lou has three towheaded young children, all beautiful enough to be models. The tour ended in Duluth with a Saturday night game, and on Monday Lou was back with his family in California. Tuesday morning he was at work as a foreman on a construction job.

Not all the skaters are so industrious. Some even pick up unemployment checks in the off season, whenever that is. It is rather difficult for the unemployment bureau to find skating jobs for unemployed Roller Derby players. Most skaters, however, like Donovan, appreciate getting the extra money that comes from being a member of the track construction crew. A rookie Derby skater starts at a little more than \$4,000 a year, and most of the good ones are just into five figures.

Skaters are hard-driven people, but they are not hard. Many are almost gentle. They are playful and easily diverted, but they are sincere and direct. About the nicest thing they can say about someone is that he is "good people." So, on their own terms, most players in the Roller Derby are good people. If there is a contradiction to them it is in their ability to suspend their normally high sense of decency and fair play. "You just learn," says Buddy Atkinson Jr., who skates in "the other outfit." "You learn that there are two sets of rules. Let's face it, the things you do out on the track you can't walk down the street and do this. Now don't get me wrong, I don't think you should hurt people all the time, but you can do anything if you're going for a bundle. There's no feelings then. Besides, the big thing in this game is fear. If you can get someone afraid of you, you got it made."

Buddy Junior, as he is always called, is the son of skaters—Buddy Senior and Bobbie Johnstone—two placid, warm people who met, fell in love, married and raised a family around the banked track. They are still involved, running the Derby's training school in Alameda, Calif. Buddy Junior has been on skates since he was 3. He turned pro at 17 and, like Buddy Senior, married a skater. "Don't be fooled by the skating, the roughness," Buddy Junior says. "These people are most all introverts. They are shy people who ran across skating and loved it. It became like their release."

Larry Smith is 24 and one of the few skaters to go beyond high school. He attended Kansas State for a year. Larry is a carpenter by trade and had run a little cross-country, but then he found skating and a bride in the Derby, too, and he wants it to be his life. Sensitive, straightforward, polite, with a touch of a stutter, Larry courted Francine after he broke an ankle and was sent to Montreal to help out at that city's training school.

"Most skaters were not grade-A students in high school, and they never had the chance to be good athletes or go on to college," Larry says. "Then they discovered the Derby and fell in love with it. The fact that it's rough—that doesn't change us. Most of us are actually schizophrenic, very different people on and off the track. We're never what people think we must be."

The resident male villains on the All Stars were Bob Hein and Ronnie Robinson. Hein is 33, with tattoos, a shaved head and a nasty, sneak scissor's look. He likes to stand at the bend of the track, where the penalty box is conveniently located, and slug the Bombers, boys or girls, as they skate by. Robinson's specialty is holding a Bomber's face under one arm and pummeling it with the other—until he tires of the exercise and scatters the body over the rail. Robinson, who is Sugar Ray's son, is devoted to music and fashion. All his clothes are color-coordinated. His favorite tour outfit is all pink, head to toe. He and Hein often play cribbage between halves. Hein has a 14-year-old son, and he wants to be a florist when he leaves the game. His hobbies are coin collecting and chemistry.

Here they are arriving before the game Robinson is in his all-pink, and his roommate, Thumper Woodberry, is in his all-green. There is a certain resemblance to lollipop. "Hey, you two together look like the Mexican flag," Julian Silva says.

"You ought to know, wetback," Ronnie replies genially, without breaking stride. The spectators gawk at the skaters, showing no allegiance to training rules, stop to enjoy a large Coke or two and a hot dog and peanuts as well. They all smoke another cigarette. Don Gist's programs and pictures are moving well. Ken Kunzelman moves to the P.A. mike. Ken travels with the tour, too. The Derby is a full sensory performance, and Kunzelman, who happens to be an ex-

continued



Chrysler's New Imperial

A man doesn't buy a luxury car for himself alone.

The true luxury automobile is designed for many people. For the man who drives it, an eminently comfortable means of transportation. Beyond that, an expression of his taste.

And for his passengers, a quietening experience. More than just a car. But a place to relax. A place to talk.

The 1969 Imperial. Totally restyled. Unlike any other Imperial. Indeed, unlike any other American luxury car.

For the man, Chrysler engineering. The new Imperial comes with the largest passenger-car engine ever built by Chrysler Corporation. Power front disc



brakes, standard. A host of power assists that make everyday driving something he can actually enjoy.

For family and friends, a marvelous

place to just be. The torsion-bar suspension gives the new Imperial one of the smoothest highway rides available on any car today. And since Imperial is the largest U.S. luxury car in its price class, the interior room is truly sumptuous. More head room. More leg room. More hip room than you've ever experienced in a car of this type.

True luxury for driver and passenger alike. It should be the idea behind every luxury car.

IMPERIAL





TWO EXCITING JIGSAW PUZZLES FROM SPORTS ILLUSTRATED A SPORTING CHALLENGE FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S 10 TOP SKI RUNS IN AMERICA

Ten of the best ski runs in America selected by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and colorfully put into a puzzle by Springbok Editions. Nearly 500 pieces take you from the Green Mountains of Vermont to the Rockies, Sierras and Cascades on this colorful and exciting ski-run designed to challenge and delight skiers and non skiers alike. It's the perfect thing to pack for apres-ski fun.

20 3/4" in diameter
full color

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S THE BEST 18 GOLF HOLES IN AMERICA

Brilliantly painted for Springbok by celebrated artist Donald Moss, this circular jigsaw puzzle promises hours of colorful and captivating entertainment. Golfers and puzzle fans alike will find this dream course of over 500 pieces a real challenge from the 1st tee at the Merion Golf Club in Pennsylvania to the Pebble Beach Golf Links in California. Also, interesting anecdotes about each hole on the back of the box.

20 3/4" in diameter
full color

Sports Illustrated

Please send me the puzzles checked below for only \$4.00 per puzzle. I understand that this price includes all postage and handling.

THE BEST 18 GOLF HOLES IN AMERICA PUZZLE (s)

THE 10 TOP SKI RUN PUZZLE (s)

I enclose \$ _____ in ☐ check or
☐ money order



BOX 6000, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020

Name _____

(please print)

Address _____

(Apt. No.) _____

City _____

State _____

Zip Code _____

ROLLER DERBY continued

captionally good announcer, comes along to provide a complete account of the action so that nothing is left to the imagination.

Before the game Ken shills a bit for Don Gist's wares. He also reminds everyone about the local television and suggests that they all sign up to get on the Derby mailing list. Hurry, hurry, hurry! The mailing list now includes 250,000 names from all across the country. (Several of those names, however, are Donovan's, as he invariably adds his on a list whenever he runs across one on the way to the locker room.) If the tour is coming back in the area again before its completion Kunzelman pushes tickets for that also. "Remember, this will be your final opportunity to see Bomber Great Charlie O'Connell in uniform, as he will retire at the conclusion of this special national tour to become infield coach of the Bay Bombers."

The girls in their white shoes skate first and in all the odd periods. Women have always been included in the Roller Derby, since the idea for the game was derived from the old dance marathon. For that matter, it is the women who continue to give the game its tawdry, side-show image. There is also no doubt that it is the girls who bring people into the arenas—even if they come to enjoy more the faster, harder men's play.

It is difficult to find good female skaters, however, for neither the occupation nor the Derby image is particularly appealing to girls. And the irony is that the fixed public conception of the skaters is false. The typical Roller Derby girl is shy and withdrawn, neat and fastidiously feminine. She is as likely to be pretty as not. She is not tough, not promiscuous or foulmouthed, not a drinker and, like the men, was probably not even an athlete until she came to the Derby. There are exceptions, of course. Earlene Brown, the Olympic shotput bronze-medal winner, is with "another outfit." Ann Calvello, who would be atypical in any company, is with the All Stars.

In the event that her piercing yell, her hysteronics and her pastel hair do not call sufficient attention to her presence, Calvello wears contrasting blue and red shoestrings, gloves, elbow pads and long dangling earrings. Her helmet is tilted rakishly on the back of her head, scarves attached and flowing. "They'll never get the girls out of the Roller Derby, but I

know it's hard to attract new girl skaters," Calvello says. "Now I've never been what you would call shy or anything. I'm different from most of the girls, with natural color and showmanship. That's from Leo. I'm a Leo, a natural leader, but I always end up with Taurus men, and we fight. But, anyway, I've been wearing the two-color clothes and everything since I came in. And I picked up the colored hair and stuff like that. I mean I've had green hair for St. Paddy's Day."

"The one time I was injured seriously—knock on wood—I was skating for the Shamrocks. Colors are green and gold. All my injuries, I never went to get stitches. Just let it heal itself. The scar right here was open this wide. I never got stitches or anything. Why should I worry? What can help this face? I got my nose cracked once and went to the doctor, and they put all that stuff in it, cotton and everything, so the next time I got it cracked I didn't bother."

"The one time I really got hurt was in Honolulu. I was fighting this girl, and she must have gotten me with her fingernail. I didn't even know it was my eye till all this blood came pouring out, so right away—this one time—I went to the doctor at the hospital, because eyes are the one thing I don't want to fool around with. Well, the doctor took one look at me, with the blue hair, the blue lipstick, the red blood pouring out of my eye, the green-and-gold uniform, and he had to figure I was straight into Honolulu from outer space."

Little escapes Calvello. The acid comment she spells forth is the product of her wit and is not related to the meanness that she exhibits on the track. She is certainly a leader by any standard, astrological or otherwise. As soon as she reaches the bar with her silver chalice she is in charge. She directs the conversation, sometimes two conversations at a time—the one she is dominating and the adjoining one that she overhears. She distributes neckties to everybody. She outlaws shop talk. "No skating talk while drinking" is the first Calvello law.

While she is hardly just another pretty face, Calvello is still slim and attractively winsome after 20 years on the tour. She dresses exceptionally well and is able to get away with wearing youthful clothes that most women her age would be afraid of. Divorced many years ago from a for-

mer Derby referee, Ann also likes her men young. On the tour, in the company of Eddie Krebs, a wistful, temperamental Leo himself, Ann sparkled, particularly when the other skaters kidded Krebs that he was starting to look 40 and Calvello 20. Krebs, slim to start with, had lost almost 40 pounds on the tour. With his handsome, chiseled face, long page-boy hair and a haunting high-pitched giggle, he and the blue-haired, hoarse-throated Calvello made a couple that seemed straight out of an avant-garde French movie. It was the only tour romance.

Like Krebs but unlike most of the other skaters, who actually gain weight on tour eating hamburgers and French fries all the time, Calvello lost a lot. "The fact is, I think I'll sue Drp and Dry," she said, laughing. "When I came on this tour I was 160 and all in the right places. Yeah, up here. We call them tuckets. I was a perfect size 12. Then down to a 10, to an 8. I have to carry three different wardrobes. But sometimes, well, it's very complimentary. With the hair and the way I dress—I'm a fanatic on clothes—people have taken me for a model. And in the summer, on the beach in a bikini, they all say, gee, you don't have those ugly muscles like a ballet dancer or anything."

Calvello, the eldest, is the only girl up late at night, any night. The others are in their rooms, soaking the aches out in a long hot bath, or setting hair, or walking the dog, or long since sound asleep. Calvello says Joanie is counting her money, but then Joanie cannot completely understand the younger ones either. It bothers her how little they manage to take advantage of the opportunity of the travel, of broadening themselves. Joanie attended Mount St. Mary's, a small Catholic girls' college in Los Angeles, and she despairs that after so many years without much educated company on the tour, her intellect has begun to wither.

She has trouble getting any of the skaters to go sightseeing with her. Once she prevailed upon a group of them to go 40 minutes out of their way to see the Grand Canyon. They groaned and grumped about the detour, but finally acquiesced. When they arrived they obviously were not impressed.

"Where are the bears?" one of the boys asked.

continued

ROLLER DERBY *continued*

"What bears?" Joan said.

"You know, the bears, the famous bears," the skater said.

Finally catching on, Joanne explained that he must be thinking of Yellowstone Park. This was the Grand Canyon.

"You mean we come all this way just to see a hole in the ground?"

They got back in the car, left the Grand Canyon and went directly to the arena.

Twenty-five in jam time," said Ken Kunkelman at the mike. "That's Bomber Jammer Francine Cocchu, All Star Jammer Lydia Clay moving onto the rear of the pack. Calvello back to block for the All Stars, Joan Weston for the Bombers. Cocchu moving in." Francine's husband, Larry Smith, watches closely, but it's nothing personal. Larry watches the action very closely all the time. He wants to be a coach someday. Sometimes when Francine goes down in a heap but something more significant is going on, Larry doesn't watch her at all, much less show concern. The other men hardly ever glance at the women's play. Calvello shoulder-blocks Francine, then knee-blocks her. Most every kind of block is legal in the Derby, and all unintentional infractions require delicate, judicial appraisal to distinguish them from legitimate action. Francine is knocked off balance and tries to stay upright on one leg. It is a losing battle, but she bounces up again. Joanne comes back and bangs Lydia Clay. Lydia stays up and looks for assistance from Calvello. Time is running out. Francine struggles to move back into scoring position, as Joanne hits Lydia again and sends her skittering solidly into the rail to great applause. Calvello goes back and belts little Francine one more time and she starts to go down again. "Five, four, three, two, one . . ." The buzzer, just as Francine hits the floor. There is no score on the play for either team.

Francine goes off and sits down, and Maureen O'Brien replaces her. Jammers alternate, like hockey lines. Francine sags and begins to cry softly into an orange Bomber towel. Larry pays no attention. At last, still sniffling, Francine lifts up her head and watches.

This time, as the jam again ends without a score, Calvello sneaks up and bops Joanne from behind after the buzzer. Joanne staggers, recovers and takes off

after Calvello, who retreats, cowering. The fans go wild. Lots of them like this better than the skating. Look at Joanne just show her!

There are not enough real fights growing naturally out of the action, so when things drag Calvello invariably gets a little skirmish going between jams. It is transparent hokum, but for a large segment of the audience the phony theatrics are more entertaining than the sport. The put-on actually consumes only a small portion of the play time and seldom intrudes on the bona fide action itself, but as long as it exists at all, it manages to demean the Derby's whole image.

There is much more violence, real and contrived, than what passes for comedy, however, for it is quite true that this appeals most to the fans. "Fans at any sport, I don't care what it is, they want to see blood," Calvello says. "They want to see us broken up and my body carried out. They want to see that. Oh, we've had some vicious skaters, too. There are still some around, people so mean you'd hang 'em by a good rope, they'd still complain. But they're rare. I could never hurt anyone deliberately."

"Sure I have a fear of getting hurt," Joanne Weston says, her soft brown eyes turning sharp. "All I want out of Roller Derby is to make good money, get out of it in one piece, and years from now, when I say I was in the Roller Derby, I want people still to know what it is. I want that."

So they are all, as Larry Smith says, schizophrenic, like the game itself, torn between the oldtime buffoonery and the display of speed and muscle that marks real sport. The Derby can become so violent that there are unwritten laws about what should not be tolerated. The experienced know, for instance, how easy it is to trip an opponent, undetected, and knock him flat out. A practiced hip can be more lethal than the more overt forearm smash. The girls know how to use an elbow to force the zipper of an opponent's blouse down hard, digging it into her breasts. A simple poke to the bosom or a hair-pulling is more mundane, but it is also a rare form of retaliation.

Spectators often wonder why more of the skaters are not seriously hurt. After all, they are seldom in the best condition, and for protection they wear only knee and elbow pads. Ankles are not

bound, and the high skate shoes are usually not even laced to the top, as that would hinder movement. The answer lies in their resilience and in their training, during which they all learn how to fall properly. "Hey, remember The Mummy?" Charlie O'Connell told one night in the locker room. "The guy wrapped himself here and here, and I swear to God, even across the rear. Afterward, we're all out of the shower getting dressed, he's still unstrangling himself."

Derby girls have concealed pregnancy and skated into their sixth month. Some have been back on the track within a month after a birth. Easy childbirth is apparently one of the fringe benefits of skating, the girls say labor is invariably brief and smooth. Many of them damage their coccyx—the bone at the base of the spine—from constantly falling on it while skating, and the repeated pressure is supposed to force the coccyx inward. But the girls don't worry about this, because the word is that when they have a baby the birth process somehow straightens out the coccyx again. Roller Derby people are very proud of how well the girls deliver.

"The only time you get hurt is trying to avoid people," Julian Silva says. He has enjoyed a cracked head, a broken nose, a shattered nose, a fractured rib, two broken arms and some minor injuries. Tony Adorno had just come back to the tour after a broken ankle. Jim Cook got busted up early on the tour, and Dave Cannella was flown in from Oakland to replace him.

"You've got to look at everything different," Dave said. "Before I came into the Derby I drove sprint cars and midgets, and I was doing pretty good. Then there was this one race I was in, and the best driver at this track—that was in Ohio—he went out of control and smashed into this light pole, and when he came down the light pole he couldn't count to three. I said, 'Hey, what is this?' And that's when I got out of that and came into the skating, because he was the best driver and the one I really admired, and when he came down out of that light pole he couldn't count to three."

Dave got a concussion in the first Roller Derby game he ever played, and his ankle was shattered two weeks later.

"Hey, that guy was mean," he says, shaking his head—but grinning.

Jerry Seltzer took over the Roller Derby a decade ago from his father who, disillusioned by TV's overexposure of the game, had grown tired of the whole enterprise. By then the Derby was moribund, drawing crowds of 200 in the Cow Palace. Hardly out of college, Jerry assumed command in 1958 and began shooting TV kinescopes of the action in a converted garage. The game didn't begin to flourish again until the higher quality video tapes came into use in 1960. Today in the Bay Area, with the Giants, Raiders, Athletics, 49ers, Warriors, Oaks, Clippers and Seals as neighbors, the Bombers have drawn almost one million spectators a year. There is no apparent reason why, as Seltzer hopes, a real national Roller Derby league cannot evolve, with franchises in all of the country's most populous areas.

It was in Chicago in 1935 that Leo Seltzer, a promoter of such events as the Walkathon, read an article stating that 93% of Americans had roller-skated at one time or another. Discussing the article at a sports hangout, Ricketts' Restaurant, Seltzer began to form ideas for a roller marathon, and shortly thereafter, on Aug. 13, 1935, the first night of what was billed as the "Transcontinental Roller Derby" drew 20,000 to the Chicago Coliseum.

When it started the Derby was strictly an endurance contest, and the participants, male and female, bedded down on cots in the infield when not skating. It was a novelty and it worked, but after a while even the rubes were not moved. "We lost our shirt on the road," the elder Seltzer remembers. He also became suspicious that the players were "probably splitting up with each other," and to make such chicanery more difficult and to enhance the show's appeal, Seltzer began tinkering with the rules.

The most significant change occurred in Miami, where Seltzer sat down to watch the skating with a sportswriter friend from New York, Damon Runyon. A few of the players extralegally tangled with each other, and Runyon liked the contact. Seltzer remembers it, recreating conversation—as he usually does—by referring to himself in the third person: "So Runyon leaned over and said, 'You know, Seltzer, you ought to incorporate that into the game.'" The next night the Derby officially added muscle to speed and Runyon's place in history was assured.

The Derby, as Hal Janowitz suggests, then proceeded to go through various cycles—through Depression and war—finally blossoming into its golden age when Seltzer brought the game into New York and put it on television. The first night's gate was \$500, but people saw it on TV and there was a riot of disappointed fans the next night when they could not get in. The boom was on, so last till TV saturation strangled it. Near the end TV wanted the Derby season to run 365 days a year, finishing its championships on a Sunday and opening the new season the next day.

In the good old days logistics were kept to a minimum, since the Derby would play a town for a whole month, and all the skaters would sleep right there in the arena. Not surprisingly, this proximity often led to varying kinds of hanky-panky, on and off the track. Today Seltzer tries to keep the two touring teams apart whenever he can. The All Stars do not ride in Bomber cars; often the teams stay at different motels. There is a general feeling, also, that romance should be confined to teammates.

One special problem often arises, however, because many arenas make available only two locker rooms for what are, actually, four squads. Modesty wans out over team togetherness, and all the men (including referees) dress in one room, all the women in the other. It almost works out. The two men's squads can come off the track after mauling each other all evening and then dress side by side without any incident, although there have been a few spectacular locker-room brawls. The girls, on the other hand, carry grudges.

"Girls never forget," Joan Weston says. "It is not just that they might start fighting in a locker room after a hard game—they'll carry a grudge for years. A girl will come up and say, 'Hey, remember what you did to me in New Haven,' and she doesn't mean New Haven last week, she means New Haven four, five years ago. The men are much better about that." Donovan, as succinct as ever, explains: "What is it going to prove to get all busted up in the locker room? You don't get paid for that."

The teams dressed together at the Norfolk arena, for a game before a wildly appreciative mob that revved all the players up and made them skate full tilt.

The fights were real and vicious, and the Bombers' poor little stubby Tony Adorno, whom they all call Tunafish, had to go to the hospital with a sprained ankle. He had just been standing there after a jam when Thumper Woodberry came by and blind-sided him cold. The game ended in a frenzy, but afterward, back in the locker room, they all dressed side by side and there was no visible rancor, only brief discussion of what had just transpired.

Tunafish came in, moving uneasily on crutches. "Hi, cripple," Eddie Krebs called out gaily, and the others took up the cry, to Adorno's embarrassment and delight. He picks up a little extra cash by getting beers and Cokes and selling them to the other players after a game, and now he took up his position by his cooler, so that the players could pay him as they left.

Woodberry was one of the last to dress. Tuna watched him as he strode across the room, a beer in one hand. "Two," Woodberry said.

"A dollar," Tuna answered. There was nothing else, no apologies or regrets.

"Thanks," Thumper said finally, stepping around the crutches to reach the door.

"Hey, you know," Tuna suddenly said brightly to no one in particular, "the reason I took so long at the hospital was there were six bad accidents ahead of me."

O'Connell shook his head. "For God's sake, what is that talk? Us with two-lane highways all the way tomorrow."

Bomber Great Charlie O'Connell joined the Derby in 1952 after training school in Passaic, N.J. He made Rookie of the Year that first season and is one of the few players in the game to earn big money. The highest Derby salary ever is supposed to have been \$40,000 and probably went to Charlie. He owns a bar in San Leandro, Calif., the Pandora. Now, in 1968, he was about to play the final game of his farewell tour in Duluth. Charlie had never thought about it before but, pressed, he estimated that he must have played well over 3,000 games, 200 a year or so. The thought did not stir him to much emotion because he had to start the drive back to San Leandro the next morning, and that was all that was on his mind. "It's too long a trip ahead," he said.

continued

"How can you think about anything else? If it was only 60 miles or something, maybe then it would be different."

Charlie was ready, though, when the action began, and it was apparent from the first that he was going to go out with a lively farewell. He was spelling regularly, an affection that appears to relate directly to his concentration. He even goosed All Star Flyvman Thumper Woodberry a couple of times, a bit of byplay he had not engaged in for a while, and as he skated by pretty Marge Laszlo, who was standing in the infield, he reached out and pulled her pigtail. Mostly he kept his helmet tilted to emphasize his scowl, and he would be almost snarling during jams in which there was a lot of contact. It was hard to imagine that this would be Charlie's final game, because he was so obviously the dominant skater on the track, the way it had been since he was Rookie of the Year. The Bombers lost a big lead, however, and on the last jam of Charlie's career the All Stars boxed him out. Krebs and Allen Littles got through for six points, and the Bombers lost 41-38. Charlie stood there, high on the track, leaning on the rail and shaking his head. But he didn't say anything, and soon he skated off to the locker room, thinking about the long drive home. He was still sitting in his uniform, sipping a beer and talking about route numbers, when the last of the construction crew put on their coveralls and moved out to dismantle the track for the final time. Jimmy Pierce was going to leave for the Coast as soon as they had the semi loaded.

"What time does the bar close in this town?" Krebs asked.

"All these towns," Charlie said.

"Well, save us some beers at the motel," Bill Morrissey said. "Save the crew some beers."

"How many miles is it?" Charlie asked. "Well, we'll go through Reno and stop there anyway." He put his beer can down and pushed his long hair back with both hands. Then, before he showed, he reached for one more cigarette.

Three weeks after the tour ended in Duluth, the Bay Bombers began their regular season with a series against Calvello and Hein and the rest of the "new" Midwest Pioneers in the Bay Area. Seltzer had made some changes. He had shaken up the Bomber girls team, and although he had made only one change in the male team, that was the impor-

tant one of replacing O'Connell, now the infield coach. Thumper Woodberry, everyone's villain, had been Seltzer's choice, and as soon as he put on the Bomber orange and black, Woodberry was cheered for the same things that had always brought him boos.

Charlie, in a sports shirt and slacks, with a small black comb peeking out of his right rear pocket, watched the game with passing interest, aroused and cursing loudly only at some theatrics that Joanne and Calvello fell into. He even drifted away to have a smoke when his male charges came on. He was very restless. It was the first time in 16 years that he wasn't skating. "This job gets kind of boring," he said. "They all bring me their problems and things like that."

The Pioneers held a 26-21 lead going into the last period, and Hein took advantage of the spread to start some mischief. He already had a bunch of penalties anyhow, so late in the game he started punching Cliff Butler for no good reason. Quickly Hein was whistled down. It turned out to be his sixth two-minute penalty, which is automatic dismissal for the balance of the game, and he started off the track to a cascade of paper cups and jeers. Charlie watched the crowd, distracted. Butler, still shaken by the altercation, came coasting around the outside of the track, hands on his knees, trying to regain his breath. This was very accommodating for Hein, who, strolling by on his way to the locker room, was able to swing out with his helmet and slam it hard into Butler's groin.

Cliff collapsed, while Hein, unbothered and with no Bomber near him, hardly broke stride in continuing on to the locker room. O'Connell leaped up, moved to the track and reached over to console Butler. Cliff got up at last, grimacing and doubled over, and was helped off the track. He was through for the game.

Hein stopped outside the locker room to chat with a uniformed guard. Butler, being assisted and with his head down, came along. Hein eyed him and did not move. Forty yards away, at the scorer's table next to the track, Charlie returned from checking on Butler and, pushing his hair back with his hands, began to sit down to watch the completion of the game.

The next two actions took place si-

multaneously. Hein stiffened and began a lunge toward Butler, and Charlie whirled and dashed toward Hein. Butler was caught unaware. Hein busted him hard a couple of times. Still crouching, Cliff could only throw up his hands in a feeble defense. Hein was just starting to aim a kick when he caught sight of Charlie. He did not have time to retreat, for Charlie was suddenly upon him, flailing, throwing roundhouse punches and wading in.

Hein managed to draw back a step, but Charlie bulled into him again, just as Butler once more crumpled to the ground. Hein, with sweat pouring off his bald pate, made no motion at offense. He was only trying to save himself from O'Connell's wild blows. He staggered backward a few more steps and pleaded with those who had joined the action to be more efficient in holding Charlie. They held him at last, and Hein backed up against a wall, preparing for a final defense there if it became necessary.

It did not. Charlie stared at him for a while longer, scowling, then told those holding him to let him go. He wheeled and began to march back to the scorer's table, not once looking back. His hair was in complete disarray. His shirtails were all the way out. He tended to his shirt first, tucking it back into his pants as he walked. At the scorer's table he brushed his hair back with his hands, then reached for the comb and began to comb it back into place. He sat down, shaking his head gently. "I don't know why I did that," he said. "I don't know why. I was going to sit down right there. I was just going to sit down, and all of a sudden, I—." He shrugged, and began to look up at the skating that had started again above him.

"Twenty-five in jam time," Ken Kunzelman bawled.

A fan, hanging onto Jerry Seltzer, said: "Hey, Charlie's gonna get into a lot of fights this year, huh?"

Seltzer said "If he does, Charlie might as well be skating."

One month later Thumper Woodberry was sent to the Northwest Cardinals. Bomber Great Charlie O'Connell came out of a retirement that had lasted seven weeks and began skating five strides once again with the Bay Bombers. **END**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BAGGERS' BALL—NBA BALTIMORE (41-17) continued to lead the Eastern Eastern race, but PHILADELPHIA (40-21) knocked the Knicks out of second with four wins and a loss. NEW YORK (38-24) became the coldest team in the league, the Lakers ending the Knicks' 11-game winning streak, 113-106, and beginning their three-game losing streak. BOSTON (39-25) a five-game-and-a-half loss, won three and lost only one, as CINCINNATI (41-17) scored once with a four-game split, and DETROIT (33-41) lost ground by dropping four of five, which gave MILWAUKEE (33-45) higher hopes. The Bucks helped themselves by winning three of three. Huron Revolution scored 41 points in the 336-57 win over Los Angeles, got 40 against the Hawks and 45, including a four-second 34-point shot, as a 108-107 victory over the Pistons. LOS ANGELES (43-23) lost three of four but held first in the Western Division at ATLANTA (44-27) divided four. SAN FRANCISCO (37-35), with four wins and a loss, stayed in SAN DIEGO (38-27) in fourth with four wins and a defeat. CHICAGO (39-40) and SEATTLE (34-43) tied for fifth on spin, while PHOENIX won one and lost four in the 124-121 loss to Baltimore, however, the Suns had a triple opt. Dick Van Arsdale scoring a career high of 44 points.

ABA, The biggest news of the week for the only major league in the majors, was the New York Times reported that the draft rights to homegrown Lew Alexander, should he meet as NBA bid, to the West, OAKLAND (38-10) was called out in the last, second-place DENVER (44-23) split two, third-place NEW ORLEANS (38-29) split four, fourth-place DALLAS (38-29) split four but won its eighth in a row over Indiana, fifth-place LOS ANGELES (34-31) split four and HOLISTON (37-27) lost all three. In the East, NEW JERSEY (38-27) lost all four, NEW YORK (38-27) as KENTUCKY (38-27) moved into third behind two wins and a loss, and INDIANA (38-27) lost all four, with three losses and only one win. NEW YORK (38-29) looking to Lewis, dropped two and lost one.

BALLOONS—DOL KERRY 35, of Las Vegas won the World-Borned-Ton Pouch, which was chosen by Los Angeles, with a run of 109 in the 120-100 defeat of Joe Bates of Montevideo, the 34 and 54-ball run in a 150-118 victory over Cervo Manley of Brooklyn in the final.

BOATERS—American Eagle, the first U.S. 12-meter to compete against an open racer, won first across the bay in the Monte-to-Los Angeles race, but the skipper—back for the 1984 America's Cup and now owned by Ted Turner of Atlanta—will be the contracted race by TOUCHIE, skippered by Cervo Manley of Miami.

FACES IN THE CROWD

JACQUELINE MOSS, a 10-year-old Brazilian, learned to swim a little more than a year ago, but has already broken 17 local age-group records, in five strokes (backstroke, freestyle, on up to the 200-meter individual medley).

RONDO FEHLBERG, a freshman wrestler at Brigham Young, turned Oklahoma a State's Doug Campbell in their 145-pound match, leading BYU to a 16-14 win. It was only the sixth time Oklahoma State had lost a dual meet—except to Oklahoma—since 1916.



BOBBLEDOG—WEST GERMANY was the World Four-Man title at Lake Placid, N.Y. with East 2 placed by Wolfgang Zimmerer (page 2).

BOHNS—MANDO RAMOS, 20, of Long Beach, Calif., became the youngest lightweight champion in history when he was awarded a knockout over Carlos (Hot) Cruz, 31, of the Dominican Republic, at 2:41 of the 10th round in Los Angeles, the referee stopping the fight on account of a cut over Cruz's eye.

ERREN (SCORPION) TORRES of Mexico scored an eight-round TKO over Chanchin Chanes of Thailand, but was the world flyweight title at Mexico City.

GOAT—LEE TREVINO won the \$100,000 Tucson Open by seven strokes over Mike Barber, finishing with a 211 (page 3).

HOCKEY—NHL MONTREAL (37-34-6), with three wins and a loss, moved into first place in the East, ending BOSTON (33-35-12), which had led the division for five weeks. The Bruins net only lost both games, but also Phil Esposito, the NHL's leading scorer, who was suspended for two games because of pushing and punching a referee. DETROIT (29-29-9) popped into third place with two wins, a tie and a loss, after the 13th career hit for Gordie Howe, NEW YORK (28-24-8) dropped to fourth with one loss and a tie. CHICAGO (29-28-6) fell to fifth with three wins, a loss and a tie. The Red's first net trick since Don B. parking FORGOTTEN (29-28-8) back into sixth. ST. LOUIS (23-17-12) continued to ride hard on the Blues and won its first game in Los Angeles, 5-1, but lost its first over OAKLAND (23-29-8). The Seals beat the Blues 3-2 but failed in an attempt to move their franchise to Vancouver. LOS ANGELES (28-32-4) lost all four games, but the 8-4 split also tied for fourth place. PHILADELPHIA (33-32-15) lost two of three. MINNESOTA (27-34-9) split two, and PITTSBURGH (15-35-9) split four, thereby gaining two points on the North Stars.

HORSE RACING—It was a gross day for long shots and a bad one for favorites in YUBEL (146-40), as a 1-year-old Caden-bred horse ridden by Armando Toro won the 116-mile, \$177,200 Wadley Handicap by a head at Miami over favored Fanny Folio, and PHASE IV (164-46) won the 116-mile, \$173,550 San Antonio Stakes, Miguel Yanez up by 3½ lengths over Lusted Racing Room at Santa Anita.

MOTOR RACING—LEE ROY YARBROUGHT of Columbus, S.C. won both the Formula 500 and the Daytona 500 in a Ford, at Daytona Beach, Fla. (page 3).

BERT DeMATE, junior co-captain of the University of Wisconsin hockey team, who was the National intercollegiate scoring champion last year with 37 points (47 goals), led the country again with 34 goals and 24 assists. The Badgers are 21-8-2 this season.

TOM McMillen, a 6' 11" junior at Mansfield (Pa.) High School, has averaged 39.4 points and 24 rebounds a game, and is hailed as one of the country's top prospects. Tom has scored 2,052 points and promises to surpass Ron Krick's state record of 3,174.



SKIING—In World Cup competition GERTRUD GABER won the giant slalom in Cogne (Croatia) to have won four slalom, AUGUSTINE of Switzerland, VI was second. EDMUND BRUGMANN of Switzerland won the men's event in Yugoslavia.

In the Nationals at Bear Valley, Calif., two other members of the Canadian team, BARBARA and BOB, won the giant slalom and slalom.

SWIMMING—JOHANNA SCHULT of Holland won the Women's World championship at Berlin, Germany, setting world record in the 1,000 meters (1:32.3) and in the 5,000 (27:38).

TENNIS—Top-seeded MARY ANN TISELTOE of Louisiana won the U.S. National Women's Singles championship at Westchester, Mass., beating Stephanie Defeat of Hollywood, Fla., 6-3, 4-6, 6-2.

TRACK AND FIELD—Setting his own pace, GEORGE YOUNG increased his winning streak to 16 as he beat Kerry Pearce's world indoor record of 8:27.2 in the two-mile run at the San Diego Indoor Games. Young seasonally won 10 in 1971, but the 8-year-old rule is that none of all events above a mile must be rounded off to the next highest even number. WILLIE DAVENPORT kept his track alive in San Diego, not taking his 14th straight indoor race with a 6:9 in the 400-yard high hurdles, he beat the 55-meter hurdler at the U.S. Open. The levelness of San Diego's track, Gary Lee, male champion JIM CRAWFORD of Harding College in Searcy, Ark. won the mile on San Diego's dirt track at 4:01.2. Bob Smith of Los Angeles, indoor season (last 1000) won, 1:1 seconds ahead of Dave Patrick. Back at the Garden, the 1971 indoor pentathlon record was 1:11.1. In the 100-meter of five events, and Olympic gold medalist BILL TOOMLEY won the 100-meter of five events, 1:17.3 seconds, 14th runner in the 100-meter of Los Angeles. Toomley put the shot 47'—his personal best—has the 35-meter dash at 6.2, the 500 meters at 1:5.9 and long-jumped 24' 6". The only event he lost was the high jump, which Smith won by 6" in the greater high jump. ED CARUTHERS of the Pacific Coast Club, jumped 7' 7" (the season's high), breaking the 7-foot mark of Ron Jackson.

MILITARY—DIED GUY HARRIS (DOC) WHITE, 49, former pitcher for the Philadelphia Phillies and the Chicago White Sox (1901-1931), after a long illness, in 34 years. D.C. White's major league career ended in 1931, after a career of 10 years. He was broken last summer by Don Drysdale.

DIED IVAN B. OVEY WILLIAMSON, 38, an elite diver at the U.S. National of Westchester, N.Y. 1935 until last month, of injuries suffered in a fall at home in Madison, Wis.

CREDITS

25—Jenny Cooke 26, 37—W. B. Bache 28—Phil Jackson 30—James J. Bachtel 32—34—Mike Jones 35—42—43—W. B. Bache 37—48—49—50—51—52—53—54—55—56—57—58—59—60—61—62—63—64—65—66—67—68—69—70—71—72—73—74—75—76—77—78—79—80—81—82—83—84—85—86—87—88—89—90—91—92—93—94—95—96—97—98—99—100—101—102—103—104—105—106—107—108—109—110—111—112—113—114—115—116—117—118—119—120—121—122—123—124—125—126—127—128—129—130—131—132—133—134—135—136—137—138—139—140—141—142—143—144—145—146—147—148—149—150—151—152—153—154—155—156—157—158—159—160—161—162—163—164—165—166—167—168—169—170—171—172—173—174—175—176—177—178—179—180—181—182—183—184—185—186—187—188—189—190—191—192—193—194—195—196—197—198—199—200—201—202—203—204—205—206—207—208—209—210—211—212—213—214—215—216—217—218—219—220—221—222—223—224—225—226—227—228—229—230—231—232—233—234—235—236—237—238—239—240—241—242—243—244—245—246—247—248—249—250—251—252—253—254—255—256—257—258—259—260—261—262—263—264—265—266—267—268—269—270—271—272—273—274—275—276—277—278—279—280—281—282—283—284—285—286—287—288—289—290—291—292—293—294—295—296—297—298—299—300—301—302—303—304—305—306—307—308—309—310—311—312—313—314—315—316—317—318—319—320—321—322—323—324—325—326—327—328—329—330—331—332—333—334—335—336—337—338—339—340—341—342—343—344—345—346—347—348—349—350—351—352—353—354—355—356—357—358—359—360—361—362—363—364—365—366—367—368—369—370—371—372—373—374—375—376—377—378—379—380—381—382—383—384—385—386—387—388—389—390—391—392—393—394—395—396—397—398—399—400—401—402—403—404—405—406—407—408—409—410—411—412—413—414—415—416—417—418—419—420—421—422—423—424—425—426—427—428—429—430—431—432—433—434—435—436—437—438—439—440—441—442—443—444—445—446—447—448—449—450—451—452—453—454—455—456—457—458—459—460—461—462—463—464—465—466—467—468—469—470—471—472—473—474—475—476—477—478—479—480—481—482—483—484—485—486—487—488—489—490—491—492—493—494—495—496—497—498—499—500—501—502—503—504—505—506—507—508—509—510—511—512—513—514—515—516—517—518—519—520—521—522—523—524—525—526—527—528—529—530—531—532—533—534—535—536—537—538—539—540—541—542—543—544—545—546—547—548—549—550—551—552—553—554—555—556—557—558—559—560—561—562—563—564—565—566—567—568—569—570—571—572—573—574—575—576—577—578—579—580—581—582—583—584—585—586—587—588—589—590—591—592—593—594—595—596—597—598—599—600—601—602—603—604—605—606—607—608—609—610—611—612—613—614—615—616—617—618—619—620—621—622—623—624—625—626—627—628—629—630—631—632—633—634—635—636—637—638—639—640—641—642—643—644—645—646—647—648—649—650—651—652—653—654—655—656—657—658—659—660—661—662—663—664—665—666—667—668—669—670—671—672—673—674—675—676—677—678—679—680—681—682—683—684—685—686—687—688—689—690—691—692—693—694—695—696—697—698—699—700—701—702—703—704—705—706—707—708—709—710—711—712—713—714—715—716—717—718—719—720—721—722—723—724—725—726—727—728—729—730—731—732—733—734—735—736—737—738—739—740—741—742—743—744—745—746—747—748—749—750—751—752—753—754—755—756—757—758—759—760—761—762—763—764—765—766—767—768—769—770—771—772—773—774—775—776—777—778—779—780—781—782—783—784—785—786—787—788—789—790—791—792—793—794—795—796—797—798—799—800—801—802—803—804—805—806—807—808—809—810—811—812—813—814—815—816—817—818—819—820—821—822—823—824—825—826—827—828—829—830—831—832—833—834—835—836—837—838—839—840—841—842—843—844—845—846—847—848—849—850—851—852—853—854—855—856—857—858—859—860—861—862—863—864—865—866—867—868—869—870—871—872—873—874—875—876—877—878—879—880—881—882—883—884—885—886—887—888—889—890—891—892—893—894—895—896—897—898—899—900—901—902—903—904—905—906—907—908—909—910—911—912—913—914—915—916—917—918—919—920—921—922—923—924—925—926—927—928—929—930—931—932—933—934—935—936—937—938—939—940—941—942—943—944—945—946—947—948—949—950—951—952—953—954—955—956—957—958—959—960—961—962—963—964—965—966—967—968—969—970—971—972—973—974—975—976—977—978—979—980—981—982—983—984—985—986—987—988—989—990—991—992—993—994—995—996—997—998—999—1000—1001—1002—1003—1004—1005—1006—1007—1008—1009—1010—1011—1012—1013—1014—1015—1016—1017—1018—1019—1020—1021—1022—1023—1024—1025—1026—1027—1028—1029—1030—1031—1032—1033—1034—1035—1036—1037—1038—1039—1040—1041—1042—1043—1044—1045—1046—1047—1048—1049—1050—1051—1052—1053—1054—1055—1056—1057—1058—1059—1060—1061—1062—1063—1064—1065—1066—1067—1068—1069—1070—1071—1072—1073—1074—1075—1076—1077—1078—1079—1080—1081—1082—1083—1084—1085—1086—1087—1088—1089—1090—1091—1092—1093—1094—1095—1096—1097—1098—1099—1100—1101—1102—1103—1104—1105—1106—1107—1108—1109—1110—1111—1112—1113—1114—1115—1116—1117—1118—1119—1120—1121—1122—1123—1124—1125—1126—1127—1128—1129—1130—1131—1132—1133—1134—1135—1136—1137—1138—1139—1140—1141—1142—1143—1144—1145—1146—1147—1148—1149—1150—1151—1152—1153—1154—1155—1156—1157—1158—1159—1160—1161—1162—1163—1164—1165—1166—1167—1168—1169—1170—1171—1172—1173—1174—1175—1176—1177—1178—1179—1180—1181—1182—1183—1184—1185—1186—1187—1188—1189—1190—1191—1192—1193—1194—1195—1196—1197—1198—1199—1200—1201—1202—1203—1204—1205—1206—1207—1208—1209—1210—1211—1212—1213—1214—1215—1216—1217—1218—1219—1220—1221—1222—1223—1224—1225—1226—1227—1228—1229—1230—1231—1232—1233—1234—1235—1236—1237—1238—1239—1240—1241—1242—1243—1244—1245—1246—1247—1248—1249—1250—1251—1252—1253—1254—1255—1256—1257—1258—1259—1260—1261—1262—1263—1264—1265—1266—1267—1268—1269—1270—1271—1272—1273—1274—1275—1276—1277—1278—1279—1280—1281—1282—1283—1284—1285—1286—1287—1288—1289—1290—1291—1292—1293—1294—1295—1296—1297—1298—1299—1300—1301—1302—1303—1304—1305—1306—1307—1308—1309—1310—1311—1312—1313—1314—1315—1316—1317—1318—1319—1320—1321—1322—1323—1324—1325—1326—1327—1328—1329—1330—1331—1332—1333—1334—1335—1336—1337—1338—1339—1340—1341—1342—1343—1344—1345—1346—1347—1348—1349—1350—1351—1352—1353—1354—1355—1356—1357—1358—1359—1360—1361—1362—1363—1364—1365—1366—1367—1368—1369—1370—1371—1372—1373—1374—1375—1376—1377—1378—1379—1380—1381—1382—1383—1384—1385—1386—1387—1388—1389—1390—1391—1392—1393—1394—1395—1396—1397—1398—1399—1400—1401—1402—1403—1404—1405—1406—1407—1408—1409—1410—1411—1412—1413—1414—1415—1416—1417—1418—1419—1420—1421—1422—1423—1424—1425—1426—1427—1428—1429—1430—1431—1432—1433—1434—1435—1436—1437—1438—1439—1440—1441—1442—1443—1444—1445—1446—1447—1448—1449—1450—1451—1452—1453—1454—1455—1456—1457—1458—1459—1460—1461—1462—1463—1464—1465—1466—1467—1468—1469—1470—1471—1472—1473—1474—1475—1476—1477—1478—1479—1480—1481—1482—1483—1484—1485—1486—1487—1488—1489—1490—1491—1492—1493—1494—1495—1496—1497—1498—1499—1500—1501—1502—1503—1504—1505—1506—1507—1508—1509—1510—1511—1512—1513—1514—1515—1516—1517—1518—1519—1520—1521—1522—1523—1524—1525—1526—1527—1528—1529—1530—1531—1532—1533—1534—1535—1536—1537—1538—1539—1540—1541—1542—1543—1544—1545—1546—1547—1548—1549—1550—1551—1552—1553—1554—1555—1556—1557—1558—1559—1560—1561—1562—1563—1564—1565—1566—1567—1568—1569—1570—1571—1572—1573—1574—1575—1576—1577—1578—1579—1580—1581—1582—1583—1584—1585—1586—1587—1588—1589—1590—1591—1592—1593—1594—1595—1596—1597—1598—1599—1600—1601—1602—1603—1604—1605—1606—1607—1608—1609—1610—1611—1612—1613—1614—1615—1616—1617—1618—1619—1620—1621—1622—1623—1624—1625—1626—1627—1628—1629—1630—1631—1632—1633—1634—1635—1636—1637—1638—1639—1640—1641—1642—1643—1644—1645—1646—1647—1648—1649—1650—1651—1652—1653—1654—1655—1656—1657—1658—1659—1660—1661—1662—1663—1664—1665—1666—1667—1668—1669—1670—1671—1672—1673—1674—1675—1676—1677—1678—1679—1680—1681—1682—1683—1684—1685—1686—1687—1688—1689—1690—1691—1692—1693—1694—1695—1696—1697—1698—1699—1700—1701—1702—1703—1704—1705—1706—1707—1708—1709—1710—1711—1712—1713—1714—1715—1716—1717—1718—1719—1720—1721—1722—1723—1724—1725—1726—1727—1728—1729—1730—1731—1732—1733—1734—1735—1736—1737—1738—1739—1740—1741—1742—1743—1744—1745—1746—1747—1748—1749—1750—1751—1752—1753—1754—1755—1756—1757—1758—1759—1760—1761—1762—1763—1764—1765—1766—1767—1768—1769—1770—1771—1772—1773—1774—1775—1776—1777—1778—1779—1780—1781—1782—1783—1784—1785—1786—1787—1788—1789—1790—1791—1792—1793—1794—1795—1796—1797—1798—1799—1800—1801—1802—1803—1804—1805—1806—1807—1808—1809—1810—1811—1812—1813—1814—1815—1816—1817—1818—1819—1820—1821—1822—1823—1824—1825—1826—1827—1828—1829—1830—1831—1832—1833—1834—1835—1836—1837—1838—1839—1840—1841—1842—1843—1844—1845—1846—1847—1848—1849—1850—1851—1852—1853—1854—1855—1856—1857—1858—1859—1860—1861—1862—1863—1864—1865—1866—1867—1868—1869—1870—1871—1872—1873—1874—1875—1876—1877—1878—1879—1880—1881—1882—1883—1884—1885—1886—1887—1888—1889—1890—1891—1892—1893—1894—1895—1896—1897—1898—1899—1900—1901—1902—1903—1904—1905—1906—1907—1908—1909—1910—1911—1912—1913—1914—1915—1916—1917—1918—1919—1920—1921—1922—1923—1924—1925—1926—1927—1928—1929—1930—1931—1932—1933—1934—1935—1936—1937—1938—1939—1940—1941—1942—1943—1

Tennessee is second best. (In the world.)

Our "Three 'States' of Tennessee" brochure recently won second prize in an international competition. It was judged by the kind of people who look at this sort of thing seven days a week, and don't give ordinary publications a second glance.

Usually, we'd keep it quiet that we were second place in anything, but, after all, it was an international contest, and we were named second best in the entire world.

The brochure is replete with eye-saturating, full-color photographs that show you what you can expect to see

when you visit us. And, the editorial space (3,456 square inches of it) is crammed full of the kind of information that you need when you're looking for the most from your vacation trip.

But we didn't stop there. On the next to the last page, we've included a list of thirty-two places where you can write for detailed information about your favorite interest, be it fishing, history, camping, or spelunking.

Write us today for the most magnificent second-place brochure in the world. Give Tennessee a second thought.

Tennessee Department of
Conservation
Division 31
265 West End Avenue
Nashville, Tennessee 37203

Gentlemen

Please send a copy of your
next to the best brochure in
the world to me. I understand
that since it's only second best,
it's free.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



Since it's only
second best,
we'll send it
to you
free

**Bob Watson thought
safety belts were too confining.**



What's your excuse?



BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

WEST

1. UCLA (22-0)
2. SANTA CLARA (22-1)
3. WEBER STATE (22-2)

Some of the wildest scenes this side of the O.K. Corral erupted in the Southwest Conference. One incident began when Ron Peret of Texas A&M, going in for a layup, was fouled from behind by Tom Friedman of Baylor. An Aggie teammate decked Friedman with an elbow to the jaw, and then Aggie fans hurried out of the stands to get in a few swings themselves. Preventing an out-and-out riot were the Aggie band, which brought the stands to attention with the national anthem, and the A&M players, who formed a protective circle around Friedman. As it was, Friedman wound up with a bruised back, shoulder and head, plus five stitches in his lip. The first-place Aggies, incidentally, won 85-74 and took a two-game lead over the Bears. At Texas Tech, fans entered the court with debris before the contest with the Aggies. Then, after the Red Raiders had lost 71-70, when a last-second basket was nullified by a traveling violation, the Tech rioters showered the floor again.

Action also boiled in the Western A.C. Because of the guerrilla warfare in an earlier game between New Mexico and Arizona State, six extra points were on hand for the rematch in Tempe, Ariz., but even Marshal Dillon would have had trouble with this one. Panches were thrown on the floor and in the stands, and both benches charged out for a second-half melee. When it was all over, 46 fouls had been called, and the Lobos had won 84-75 as Pete Gibson put in seven points in overtime. Utah, with Mike Newlin getting 37 points, beat the Brigham Young Cougars 98-85 to tie them for the lead. Arizona, victor over New Mexico, 77-75, might have been alone at the top were it not for a 68-67 loss to Wyoming, which in turn was beaten by Arizona State 87-79. So tight is the race, all six teams could still finish in a tie.

The two biggest upsets were double-overtime affairs, with West Texas State beating New Mexico State 93-92 and San Jose State ending Santa Clara's 21-game win streak 73-69. Dennis Awrey kept the Broncos going with 37 points—18 of them in a row—and it was not until he fouled out that the Spartans were able to prevail.

UCLA remained invincible. Extending their winning streak to 38, the Bruins squashed Washington 53-44, Oregon State 91-66 and Oregon 103-69 in Pacific Eight contests. They did trail the Huskies 32-28 with 11:39 left and led Oregon by only

41-37 at the half before pulling away with their infamous second-half blitz. Second-place Washington State beat USC 64-52 and Stanford 69-68. Weber State controlled the Big Sky as it easily defeated Idaho 85-61 and Idaho State 94-75 to bring its league record to 13-0.

Houston avenged a loss to Lamar Tech, winning 95-71, then lost to Seattle 69-66. Rich Travis had 111 points as Oklahoma City lost to Utah 99-87, beat Denver 112-100 and Centenary 94-83.

EAST

1. LA SALLE (22-1)
2. DUQUENNE (17-3)
3. ST. JOSEPH'S (20-3)

Philadelphia's Palestra, the scene of some dandy umbrellas through the years, had its biggest ever when St. Joseph's met Seton Hall. One fan took a swipe at Hawk Coach Jack McKinney, others threw cans of beer—unopened, of course—and one struck a player. The game itself was a fine rowdyssey of flying elbows and upercuts that erupted at one point into a free-for-all with both benches emptying and fans rushing onto the floor to toss punches. Between rounds the teams threw in some basketball, St. Joseph's getting the decision 92-76.

La Salle made it 14 in a row by beating Duquesne 85-71 and Detroit 98-96. Larry Cannon, who wound up with 32 points, 12 rebounds and 11 assists, won the Detroit game when he flipped in four points in the closing minutes. The star, however, was Detroit's Spencer Haywood, playing for the first time since he was suspended for taking a poke at a referee. He had 41 points and 32 rebounds. Villanova got 23 points and 27 rebounds from Howard Porter to defeat Providence 69-62.

Austin Carr's 25 points and 26 more by Bob Whitmore enabled Notre Dame to defeat NYU 98-88. Fordham and Rutgers each won three times. Penn State, after hanging West Virginia a rare 81-67 loss in Morgantown, beat Pitt 57-49. Canisius, with 6' 4" Tony Masello hitting 6' 10" Luther Rackley to 11 points, downed Xavier 76-66. Boston College beat Georgetown 72-66 in overtime, then Detroit 99-72 as Terry Dracoll got 29 points and 18 rebounds against Haywood. Providence upset Holy Cross 82-69.

Princeton clinched at least a tie for the Ivy title by downing Yale 72-53 and Brown 74-46. Still two games back were Penn, which beat Brown 58-52 and Yale 85-74, and Columbia, winner over Harvard by 92-74 and Dartmouth 74-41.

A couple of 6' 11" players—Bob Lanier

of St. Bonaventure and Bill Smith of Syracuse—were impressive. Held to 13 points by Niagara's zone in an earlier game, Lanier this time scored 43 as he was confronted with the defense he likes best, a man-to-man, and the Bonnies won 98-80. They won again—81-58 over Kent with Lanier getting 28 points, 23 rebounds and blocking seven shots. Smith, a sophomore for the Orangemen, had 28 points in a 95-83 win over West Virginia and 23 in a 71-63 loss to St. John's. Calvin Murphy of Niagara, often playing as a decoy rather than as a gunner, had 20 points in the loss to the Bonnies and 23 in an 83-75 victory against LIU. Neither Lanier nor Smith nor Murphy, though, could match Mike White of American International. He has put in 209 points in his past four games, 71 of them in a 128-101 loss to Springfield.

SOUTH

1. NORTH CAROLINA (21-2)
2. SOUTH CAROLINA (19-1)
3. DAVIDSON (22-2)

Life in the Southeast was every bit as lively—or deadly—as in other sections of the country. Tennessee's Ray Meeks, trailing Florida 62-59, deliberately took a pair of technicals by calling time out when he knew he had none left. The Gators made one of the two free throws, but the Vols gained a point by controlling one of two center jumps and getting a field goal. Still, the Gators won 65-63, and Coach Tommy Bartlett was mumbling about changing the rules. Kentucky built its lead to two games by beating Georgia 85-77 and LSU 103-89. Dan Insel of the Wildcats had 36 points and 29 rebounds against LSU, but most of the cheers were for Pete Maravich of the Tigers. Fans gave him a standing ovation before the game and oohed and aahed as he kept the Tigers in front until the last seven minutes. At the game's end Pete had 45 points and had broken the two-year scoring record of Elvin Hayes. With four games to go this season, Maravich has 2,104 points. Kentucky's Adolph Rupp, though, was not impressed. "Pete," he said, "didn't have a good shooting night [21 of 33] but, of course, he never does, and I believe that, if there's any weakness on their club, it may be that." Pete's father and coach, Press, also was roasted by a newspaper poll in which SEC referees labeled him as the "most inflammatory" coach in the league. Maravich retorted by promising to go through game films and splice together inflammatory calls by the referees. "It will be a real comedy," he said. "They think I'm a headache. They'll have a headache when they see what I have to show 'em."

Davidson, which finished first in the Southern Conference, came from five points behind in the last 1:25 of regulation time to beat Duke 88-80, then stopped Virginia Tech 79-71.

The Carolinas—North and South—headed into their Atlantic Coast showdown on similar winning notes. The Tar Heels defeated Maryland 88-86 as Rusty Clark scored on a tip-in with two seconds left and then cased past The Citadel 106-59. The Gamecocks beat Virginia 86-70 and Furman 63-53. By topping North Carolina State 52-49 and Clemson 100-84, Wake Forest took over third place.

MIDWEST

1. PURDUE (16-4)
2. LOUISVILLE (17-3)
3. OHIO STATE (15-5)

YOU CAN'T TROLLER-SKATE IN A BUFFALO HERD BUT YOU CAN CERTAINLY STAMPEDE 'EM. This advice, lettered on a banner carried by Iowa State fans before a game against Colorado, must have had some magical effect on the Cyclone players. They slowed down the Buffaloes and won their fifth overtime game and third extra-period victory in a row, 80-76. That shook up the Big Eight, enabling Kansas to tie Colorado for the lead and leaving Kansas State half a game back. Kansas moved up by defeating Nebraska 79-73, while State gained ground with a 69-59 win over Oklahoma and a 58-50 victory over Oklahoma State. Iowa State, which beat Missouri in overtime 76-74 on Jim Abrahamson's jumper with four seconds left, was 1½ games out.

Races in the Missouri Valley (page 48) and Ohio Valley tightened up, too. With three seconds to go and the score 77-77, Lamar Green of Morehead State, who had just stolen a pass, sank a foul shot to beat Western Kentucky. That left both teams half a game behind Murray State, which stopped Morehead 91-89 in overtime and lost to East Tennessee 87-81.

Cool and proficient Purdue took a giant stride toward its first Big Ten title in 29 years. With Herm Gilliam putting in two foul shots in the last seven seconds and with Rick Mount getting 32 points, the Hoosiers beat Indiana 96-95. Then, as Mount got another 32 against Northwestern, they won 107-88. Runner-up Ohio State edged past Iowa 88-81 but was upset by Illinois 73-57 and fell two games back.

Miami of Ohio earned no worse than a tie for first in the Mid-American with its 68-62 win over Western Michigan, then lost to outsider Miami of Florida 74-68. Ohio University kept its MAC hopes aglow as it put down Marshall 86-80. Loyola lost to Ohio U. 103-92 but beat Colorado State 75-64.

Few coaches have been as aware of the frequency with which technicals have been called this season as State's Jim Williams. Having had a few fouls called against him for leaving the bench, he decided on a new tack, but even that has backfired. "Now I spend most of my time on my knees," he explains, "and the fans get onto me for praying."

END



Trevino says

Putt boldly. "Skip practice swings in putting. They just make you forget the line you picked out.

Go for broke. Look at the hole a couple times, to judge your speed—then stroke the ball with confidence.

For real accuracy, I use a Faultless solid ball. There's no core or winding inside to get out of balance. No other ball putts truer. That's one of the reasons I play it."



Faultless Rubber Division of Abbott Laboratories, Ashland, Ohio

RADIO FREE EUROPE

THE IN SOUND FROM OUTSIDE



More than half the people in East Europe are under thirty.

When they want to know what's happening—they switch on Radio Free Europe.

For facts about East Europe and RFE, write: RADIO FREE EUROPE, Box 1969, Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10551



CARE

YASTRZEMSKI

has written a book called *Winning Baseball*. Heavy emphasis on hitting, running bases and fielding. The 16 structural drawings are excellent and there are plenty of them. Read Carl's book and get home runs. One dollar covers book, postage and handling. Mail to:

Steve Abroad Books, Dept. 81, Box 262, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Shape up or poop out.



Boys and girls 10 to 17
Try out at school for the
President's All America Team.
It's a test of your all-around
physical fitness.
You have to run, jump, sit-up,
pull-up and throw a softball.
It's easy if you're in shape.
Impossible if you're not.
Can you make the
President's All America Team?
You'll never know unless you try out.

For information, write
President's Council on Physical Fitness
Washington, D.C. 20201.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WINTERKILL

Sirs:

Having overcome the nausea which hit me after reading about the hunting of foxes with airplane and snowmobile (*Snowing Tractors and No Tallyho*, Feb. 17), several thoughts came to mind. It is unsound ecologically and morally that these men should be allowed to kill 100 foxes a year with mechanical aids merely to pass the time. It is a disgusting parody of sport.

Moreover, I was bemused by the complaint that there is not much to do during the Northern winters. Why not try hunting by snowshoe or ski, if one must hunt? The answer, I'm afraid, is that so these Americans (and they are not alone), minimal exertion, gasoline-powered engines, killing if possible, seems to be essential to outdoor "sport." Perhaps they are to be pitied more than the foxes, but meanwhile they are ruining the outdoors for the rest of us.

ROBERT O'CONNOR

Palo Alto, Calif.

Sirs:

"He could have gone to ground anytime he wanted." It sounds to me like the speaker is equating his IQ with that of the fox so ruthlessly pursued and killed. Perhaps if this same daring hunter spent more time learning about ecology and the natural balance of nature he could surpass the fox's mentality, leave him alone and won for the return of the game birds—if the sounds of the snowmobile engines haven't already driven them away for good.

Mrs. JOHN A. JOSLYN

Dalton, Mass.

Sirs:

The mentality, not to say morality, of Minnesota's snowmobile fox hunters is best revealed in Bob Allison's remark that there is nothing else to do outdoors in the Minnesota winter. Having thus eliminated skiing, skating, sledding, tobogganing, ice fishing, and the like, we can only say: don't just sit there—get out and kill something!

Groping for a rationale for this disgusting pastime, we were further advised that foxes are to be killed because in them are combined the worst traits of cats and dogs. I don't know about cats, but a dog's worst trait is what it does on people's lawns. I can see it now, after a visit to a neighbor's lawn, the poor poodle is pursued through the neighborhood by some nitwit, foot to the floor of his snowmobile, pump gun blazing, while a plane circles overhead to spot the next offender. After all, what else is there to do during a Minnesota winter?

JOHN R. HUDSON

Arcadia, Calif.

REFLECTIONS

Sirs:

Each time I read an article in *SI* or in any other magazine on conservation—or the lack of it—I am reminded of an experience I had some four years ago while I was attending Lehigh University. Like many other engineering students, I was taking a biology course in order to "broaden my interests." In the hall outside the classroom to me to be a conglomeration of biological species.

One day I arrived somewhat early for class and, to pass the time, I skimmed the exhibit. As my eyes jumped randomly across the case, I suddenly saw a sign that made me stop. Here, in the most daily lit part of the exhibit, where the glass case seemed to have years of dust caked upon it, I read something like this:

WORLD'S MOST DESTRUCTIVE CREATURE
MUCH OF ITS EFFORT IS SPENT
DESTROYING THE VERY ENVIRONMENT IT
NEEDS TO SURVIVE.

I strained my eyes to focus on what I expected to see, but I could see nothing. Perhaps a fly or a termite, I thought. No, there was nothing there. I turned away, softly cursing that this, of all the creatures, would be missing. But in the last instant, although it was almost invisible through the shadows and the darkness and the dust, I saw it. With a feeling almost terrifying in its intensity, I realized I was looking into a mirror. *Home sapiens!*

DOUGLAS G. MARSH

Middleboro, N.J.

OLD HANDS ON DECK

Sirs:

As Ezra Bowen has pointed out (*If Finally Got the Point*, Feb. 10), basketball games aboard the aircraft carrier *Midway* during the middle '40s were something to behold. However, for him to even suggest that gambling was going on—oh perish the thought! Also, I must take exception to Mr. Bowen's statement regarding "one or two notably ill-behaved officers' teams," for I was a member of one of those teams—and, after all, Congress had decreed that we all were "officers and gentlemen." What higher authority?

I thought I had learned something about basketball during my high school and college days at Notre Dame—but it was nothing to what I learned on the *Midway*. My first experience in practice was to guard a shifty, exceedingly deceptive forward by name of Buzz Borries. He gave me an education under the basket with elbows and hips, usually the latter (those maneuvers were hard for the referee to detect). I learned

later he was the ship's air officer (a full commander) and one of the all-time Naval Academy greats in football and basketball, old Swivel Hips himself.

Being a lowly ensign, I felt honored being in such company. Then we had Adrian G. Back, a onetime All-American from Kentucky, as another forward. Give him the ball anywhere near midcourt and you almost always had a basket.

A couple of other guys made up our team, but memory fails on the names. The day we pulled out of the preliminaries was the day Buzz and A.G. scored over 80 points between them, A.G. scoring an even 50. Maybe we were playing Bowen's team?

MORGAN E. CARTER JR.

Ludington, Mich.

Sirs:

Ezra Bowen's account of his basketball games on the *Midway* was most enjoyable and revived personal memories on two counts. The outstanding player of Bowen's team, Freddie Swartzberg, was my teammate at North Carolina State in 1943. But while they were mastering the unique skills of hangar-deck basketball in the North Atlantic, I was experiencing a similar perversion of Dr. Nassim's branchchild on board the U.S.S. *Santee* (CVE-29) some 10,000 miles away in the Central Pacific.

I would like to point out to Mr. Bowen, however, that he has not experienced the ultimate in basketball arenas until he has opposed a team from an LST—on its court. The surrounding steel bulkheads and the protruding flanges at each frame made every movement a basketball version of Russian roulette.

BOB EDWARDS

Wilmington, N.C.

MAKING THE GRADE

Sirs:

Regarding your SCORE card item, "A Matter of Degree" (Feb. 17), 10 of the 14 University of Houston players who are now playing pro football have gone into the pro game within the last two seasons. Of these 10, five have received degrees, four more are currently completing work on degrees and should have them by the time they go to pro camp. The 10th is in the Marine Corps and plans to finish school after his discharge.

By this summer nearly 80% of our pro players will have degrees. You may then list UH as one of the colleges with the greatest percentage of graduates in pro football.

TED NANCE

Sports Information Director
University of Houston

Houston

NEUTRAL COURT

Sirs:

I have never before written a gripe letter of any sort to SI, since most of the drawbacks in the world of sport are due to archaic practices which will gradually yield to inevitable change and give way to newer and better systems. Not to be grouped into such a category, however, is the running of the NCAA basketball tournament, probably the most prodigious amateur sporting event held anywhere in the world. To the naive fan of college sports (and I consider myself within their number), the NCAA tournament has one function, viz., to provide a structured format whereby the teams that have proved themselves the very best in the current season may meet as equals to establish the true No. 1 team in the nation. Although in most cases three of the four semifinalists could be selected before the tournament even begins by anyone with an eye for excellence, all teams should have the opportunity to claim excellence by performance rather than opinion.

My complaint is that the NCAA, in choosing the locations where the playoff games are to be held, does more in the way of damaging this objectivity than furthering it. Last year's choices were bad enough. Having the Midwest Regionals at the field house of the University of Kentucky, which has been the SEC representative for almost every year since Dr. Naismith hung up his basket, and the West finals at New Mexico, a valid threat to upset UCLA at the time, gave the home team unquestionable advantage. But this was nothing like the unfair edge UCLA will have this season when its regionals are held at Pauley Pavilion. And the tournament directors can hardly claim that UCLA's emergence as champion in the Pacific Eight is unexpected, thus making this latest choice more of a mystery than before.

My suggestion is to have alternate possibilities available, in the event that the school whose facility was originally scheduled to be used found itself suddenly (or even expectedly) a tournament participant. Certainly it would not be that difficult to have, for example, the Oregon State field house or even the L.A. Sports Arena available. Such a transfer would insure not only parity among the participants, but in actuality a fuller measure of glory for UCLA itself, which could probably win on the decks of the U.S.S. Midway. In any event, whatever team emerged as the national winner would be truly deserving of the title and not open to the snipes of the cynics.

JOHN FENSI

New York City

ORIENTEERING

Sirs:

Being an active orienteer myself, I enjoyed very much the somewhat satiric re-

continued

Who says things are changing?



I do. I'm Bernie Anmons. The Air Force taught me to be an electronics technician. After the service, I worked my way up to become a technical writer for missile systems. It hasn't been easy. But it can be done."



Things are changing. In the next 5 years, 8,000,000 good jobs will open up for African Americans, Puerto Ricans, Mexican Americans, everyone. To get one, get a skill.



BOB GIBSON

Has written a book called *Strain Free*. He tells you how to injure yourself, and shows you how to remarkably delayed action response drawings. Important thoughts and instructions on betting and holding. See these Bob's book and win 20 games. One dollar covers postage and handling. Mail to:

Great Ahead Books Dept. 25, Box 263 Glenview, Ill. 60026

OF ADDRESS

ATTACH
PRESENT MAILING LABEL HERE.

If you're moving, please let us know
four weeks
before changing your address.

Mail to: **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**
549 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Name

Street

City

State

Zip Code

Be sure to attach your address label when
writing on other matters concerning your sub-
scription—billing, adjustment, complaint, etc.

To order SI check box ☐ new ☐ renewal
Rates: Continental U.S. 1 year \$9.95 Alaska,
Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands
1 yr \$10.00 All Military Personnel 1 yr \$6.00 All
other 1 yr \$14.00

18TH HOLE *continued*

port by Clive Gammon on his experiences in England (*Saturday* as a *Sydney Daily*, Jan. 13). I do hope he did not get completely discouraged. The first try at a new sport does not mean anything. Inspired by two brothers, one two years younger and one four years older, I started in my first orienteering race in Sweden in May 1928. I was 17 years old and finished last in the beginners' class. In the fall of the same year I won a district championship race outside Stockholm. During the years that followed in the 1930s my brothers and I enjoyed (on turns and together as a three-man team) many victories in Sweden.

Since then my life has been orienteering—and compasses! With another Swedish orienteer, Gunnar Tillander, my younger brother and I developed and marketed the Silva compass, which Clive Gammon often refers to in his article. I participated as late as last year in the first Canadian (open) championships and finished third in the team competition together with two Norwegians. Do you think there is another sport where you would find one Swede and two Norwegians fighting together as a team?

Since Clive Gammon's story was more a personal report of his adventures in the woods than a factual article about this sport, perhaps some facts about it and its present position on this continent may be of interest to your readers.

Orienteering was introduced in the U.S. and Canada by me in 1946 and 1948, respectively. The most popular parts of the orienteering program on this continent so far are the practicing and recreation games, which are widely used in youth organizations, summer camps, etc. But competitive orienteering has also started to take hold. The first Canadian championships were held outside Ottawa in August 1968.

Orienteering is actually a sports program, including a variety of practicing games, and recreational types of orienteering, all of which more or less lead toward participation in cross-country competitions. It can be called a "joggingsport" but without the dullness of jogging. But it can also be tough competition for well-trained top athletes. Above all, it is a fun way of learning how to use the map and the compass for all kinds of outdoor life.

If any readers of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* in this area would like to know more about the sport, they are welcome to participate in an event we will organize in April in the Ward Pound Ridge Reservation here in Westchester County. I do hope that at that time Clive Gammon will give the sport a second try!

Thanks for the good publicity for the sport. It may help to push orienteering on its way in this country!

BORIS KJELSTRÖM

Pound Ridge, N.Y.

He's riding high again...



He survived heart attack. He is back on the job because new drugs, coronary care units and advanced methods of rehabilitation are helping doctors fight the Nation's Number 1 killer.

Heart scientists predict even greater heart-saving achievements in the foreseeable future, provided funds are increased for research, education and community service. Help make these predictions come true.

GIVE...
so more will live
HEART FUND



*Have taste,
will travel.*



For those at home.

(The Round Fifth)

The ultimate in light Scotches, in the round bottle with the famous see-through label—not simply light, but Golden Light, superbly blended to the American taste. Vat 69 Gold, the Scotch with the Golden Light Taste.



For those who roam.

(The Globetrotter Fifth)

The same great Golden Light Scotch—but dressed to travel! The sleekest, slimmest traveling companion that ever packed away flat in a suitcase! Incidentally, what could be more appropriate than to try 69 in '69?



If you could put
Tareyton's charcoal filter
on your cigarette, you'd have
a better cigarette.



But not as good
as a Tareyton.

That's why us Tareyton smokers
would rather fight than switch!



100's or king size.

© 1988 American Tobacco Company

